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Aug<sup>r</sup> Fox, sculp.

THOMAS GENT.

*Printer of York*

Published by T. Thorpe, 38. Bedford Street, Covent Garden.



THE LIFE  
OF  
MR. THOMAS GENT,  
PRINTER, OF YORK;

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

London:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS THORPE,  
38, BEDFORD STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1832.





C. ADLARD, PRINTER, BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE.



## PREFACE.

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THE name of GENT is well known to the collectors of English topography,—and of typographical curiosities, as that of a printer who sometimes employed his press upon productions of his own; and who, in his character of author, produced numerous volumes, which are far from being destitute of merit. To the collectors of portraits, he is known by a fine mezzotinto print, after a painting by NATHAN DRAKE.

Even the close inquirers into the history of the county in which he resided, and on which his topographical labours were directed, could collect little concerning his life, except what might be learned from his publications; when, lo! a manuscript appears in the hands of Mr. THORPE, the bookseller, in Bedford street, Covent garden, in the handwriting of the author, and entitled by him, “Of the Life of THOMAS GENT, Printer.” It was written in 1746, when he was in his fifty-third year. This manuscript was discovered by Mr. Thorpe, in a collection from Ireland, the country of which GENT was a native, and where he had relations, into whose



hands the work may be supposed to have fallen on the death of its author.

Besides being a very minute account of a man about whom some curiosity may reasonably be supposed to exist, the narrative contains a few notices of other persons more the object of public interest than our author, and also of the manners and transactions of his time. Those who feel no curiosity about GENT, may peruse it as the short and simple annals of a life in which we perceive good conduct finding its appropriate reward; and at the same time, an instance of the inconstancy of the world, in the falling fortunes of one in whom these qualities were still to be found. Those who are familiar with his published writings, and have formed from them an idea of the peculiar constitution of his mind, will perceive that this narrative is throughout quite characteristic.

Three of the large and closely written folio leaves are lost,—the first, the third, and the ninth. The first leaf must, doubtless, have contained an account of his parents, who were residents of Dublin; of his education in that city; and of his being placed with a printer there, to learn the business. We find him, when the narrative opens upon us, forming, on a sudden, the resolution of abandoning his master, his family, and his country; and he sets sail for Liverpool without money, and without a rational prospect of gaining any.



THE LIFE OF  
MR. THOMAS GENT.

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—— THE worst was in leaving my dear parents, but that I hoped would in time be atoned for; in short, I told Arnold that I would accompany him: he promised to meet me on Aston's Quay, wherein he failed. However, as Captain Wharton was going to sail, I took some small provision, got a shilling of my dear mother, gave a farewell kiss to her and my loving father, (without any word or token of what I had in agitation,) and bought two or three penny loaves out of my stock, which, I think, was about seventeen pence, only that my habit was tolerable, having taken my best suit. And so, on the 9th of August, 1710, as we entered the mouth of



the bay, a great storm ensued, which obliged the sailors to cast anchor.

I had crept into the hold, where I lay very sick, by which means I was secure from the searches of my indulgent father, one Mr. Charles Harris, a tidewaiter, and my master aforesaid. On the third day from my being on board, the wind and weather permitting, we set forward, and the day following came opposite to the shore, on the eminence of which is a place called Park Gate; here, knowing my poor stock would not half amount to the payment of my passage, I offered my waistcoat as a recompense to the master, who, I was previously told, would order me to be severely striped for presuming to enter the ship without money. But, indeed, contrary to what was thought, he let two or three others pass free: when I came to make my offering, "Pretty lad," said he, "and is it so poor with you? Why, if I should strip you of your raiment, you might happen to be starved to death, which I know not but might be left at my door; but, child, had my sailors told me you were hid in the ship, upon my word you should have been delivered to your friends when they searched for you. What will your



tender parents say, when they come to hear that you are in a strange land, without support? for my own part, I grieve for your condition. Here, young man, take this sixpence with you, endeavour to get employment, and take to good ways; for I have children of my own and that makes me pity you the more, seeing you are but young, and as yet so helpless a creature, for want of friends to assist you, and advise you for the best. Such kind expressions coming, as I thought at first, from a rough sailor, drew flowing tears from the full sluices of mine eyes; and while I thanked him the more, with promise if ever I met him knowingly, and was of ability, I should more than recompense him for his timely generosity, it melted him also, that he could speak but little more than bidding God bless me, who was able chiefly to support me, as he had wonderfully many other faithful travelling adventurers. He ordered one of the sailors to help me into the boat, as being myself very weak, through the violent tossing of the waves; so then, when I landed, the world seemed to turn round, through the giddiness that possessed my poor brains, and really had almost deprived me of any thought. I had like to have fallen backwards into the water, but



was kindly supported by some in the company, till a walk or two occasioned a due circulation, and restored me to my faculties.

And now, setting forwards towards Chester, in company with a jolly fat Englishwoman, and an anchor-smith, whom she seemed particularly fond of, also an Irishwoman, and her seeming husband, we arrived at that famous city in about three or four hours' time. I was agreeably pleased with the piazzas, under which it is pleasant to walk dry in rainy weather; the noble walls, from whence you have an agreeable prospect; the towers; spacious buildings; and the celebrated river Dee, where the famous king Edgar was rowed by eight tributary kings.\* But then no printing press, as I could hear of, was set up in those parts; neither could my fellow-travellers find any encouragement in their way: thus, like distressed strangers, we were all obliged to push forward for London. At first, my companions called me Mr. Tommy, by way of eminence; but when

\* Kened king of Scotland, Malcolm king of Cumberland, Maccure king of the Isles, Dufval, Griffith, Huwald, Jacob, and Judspill, kings of Wales. T. G.



they found the title did not agree with my empty pockets, they imposed some of their heavy burdens on my wearied shoulders. This was not very pleasing to my spirit: but their company was more detestable, when one of the men knocked down a goose that was swimming in a sort of lake near the road, and both them and their hussies obliged me to wade deep in the water before I could get it out. This gave me a terrible notion how unfortunate those unhappy people were who fall into bad company; in what a sad dilemma they are oftentimes engaged; and, without God's delivering providence, might be brought to suffer the very rigor of justice, for the vile enormities of other sinful wretches. But these, my now crooked friends, got no good by their hungry theft, for, getting it boiled at a place they thought convenient, it was almost as tough as parchement itself.

Well, we journeyed still further and further, till we lit of a company of soldiers, travelling on foot, in order to embark for Spain. They had a serjeant with them, and an officer, who was mounted. They attacked my fellow-travellers, the two men, to take on with them; this made me like company the worse: so, delivering my



bundle, I endeavoured to make off from them all; but Serjeant Kite, and the thin-jawed officer, from his lean Rosinante, ordered one of their young fellows nimbly to overtake me, and persuade me back again, to sup with them that night; but the honest youth, who had been entrapped himself, seeing me very weary, and, after some discourse, pitying my condition, laid open to me a scene of their honesty, if I might give it so good a name. "The officer," said he, "will ride up to you, as I depart on one side; you may seem to agree with what he says, by bidding you live, as his men do, along with them; but rise up early next morning, and make the best of your way from us." What he spake was really truth, and I acted accordingly; however, the officer overtook me next day, towards evening: "I perceive, young man," said he, "you did not like us, by giving us the slip; but you had as well be with us as shun us, for at London you will be pressed, in spite of your teeth, and meet with far more uncourteous usage." "Perhaps, sir," said I, "it may be so; but I pray you, at present, permit me to be of another mind to believe what you say, because I think I was never designed to be a warrior,—but rather one who, by profession, should



rather exhibit their glorious actions to future ages.” “You’ll be forced to it,” said he, “whether you will or no;” and so rode from me in a huff, which plainly proved what the young soldier had told me, whose warning I honourably kept within my breast, in perfect gratitude, lest he should in anywise suffer for his goodness to me.

When I reached the ancient town of St. Alban’s, so called from the famous protomartyr of England, I took up my lodgings in the first street, at the sign of St. Catherine’s Wheel. The good landlord observing me very lame and tired, asked me what I would have got for supper; but I honestly told him I had but twopence in the world, which I should pay him for my lodging, that I must fast, and drink nothing but water, till I got to London; but what was a greater trouble, there were soldiers on the road, who thought to ensnare me, and from whom I had travelled prodigiously hard, to escape their intended destruction. This open plainness touched so much the hearts of the good man and his wife, that they gave me something to eat, which I was unwilling to receive, and for some time——

[Here is, unfortunately, a chasm in the manuscript.



When the narrative proceeds, we find him in the employ of Mr. Midwinter, and having recently made acquaintance with a Dublin schoolfellow, a son of Sir Richard Levintz.]

When we walked out, I declared the naked truth in every circumstance. He told me his father, Sir Richard Levintz, who was a judge in Ireland, had sent him thither to be educated in St. Paul's school, where he had been for some time; but of late was ordered to travel into the eastern countries; that he was soon to go on board; and that he was provided with several suits of apparel for that purpose. He did not know, he said, as he was going up the Mediterranean, but he might see Jerusalem before he returned; that his ambition was to behold many parts of Asia, if he could; to visit Constantinople, Greece, and Rome, and every noted place. But how fortune would favor him in that respect, he could not tell: "however, Tommy," said he, "while I stay in London, I will enjoy your company now and then, and tomorrow I will come and beg an holyday for you." Accordingly, next day, he came to our house, and besought one for me from Madam Midwinter: he was tall, exceedingly beautiful, and had a fine address. So much



was she attracted with the youth, that she soon called me from work, and bid me dress myself to go along with him. Never was a friend more endearing; “Tommy,” said he, “whilst we were lads at school, you often obliged me at marbles, at which, I remember, you was a great bulker; also with tops, flying kites, and other sports, for which you was the most excellent in St. Mary’s parish. Now let us walk out to the fields, towards Islington, Newington, Pancridge, or any other towns, and once more talk of our juvenile actions.” Accordingly we did so, and in many pleasant arbours he treated me with wine, cider, ale, and cakes, and indeed whatever I had a mind to. At night, returning, I parted with him at his lodging, near Christ’s Hospital; but he had me abroad with him once or twice more, till he began to enter upon his travels; and though I often inquired of him, by my friends, to whom I repeated his goodness to me, I never had the good fortune to see him after.

But so honourable an acquaintance had this good effect, that Mrs. Midwinter, thinking me none of the very commonest sort of my country folks, she began to have a greater respect to me than usual, though (as her

circumstances then were not so great as might be wished,) it abated nothing of my hard labour, working many times from five in the morning till twelve at night, and frequently without food from breakfast time till five or six in the evening, through our hurry with hawkers. My fellow-servants would often give me great uneasiness through their authentic nonsense, and unreasonable contempt, which obliged me, now and then, to have some skirmishes for my quietude, in which, I have heartily thanked Providence that I was enabled, though with strong reluctancy, to bring them at last into good manners.

When I was about twenty years old, I think I had been seven years at the business, from my first apprenticeship in Ireland, when my master, Midwinter, exhibited a glorious spirit of generosity: he called me one night to sup with him; his daughter-in-law, Betty Walters, told me there was a fowl prepared for me. It was not long before that I was severely beaten for sending him a letter to Islington, complaining I was in a poor philosopher's condition, for want of a pair of breeches; and though, upon my writing Dr. Sacheverel's sermon after his suspension, for which I waited



from morning till evening to hear him, he had given me what I wanted, and a crown-piece beside, because he took near £30 that week by it; yet still, as he had taken it as a great affront, I imagined resentment continued in his breast towards me. “No, indeed, Mr. Gent,” said Betty, (and that was the first time she gave me the title of Mr.,) “my father has quite contrary apprehensions, for he respects you, and I am sure you will find it so.” However, I could not help trembling, thinking myself undone if he proved now unkind to me; but entering the room,—“Take a chair, Mr. Gent,” both master and mistress kindly said. They cut me victuals, which, God knows, in reverence to them, I could hardly taste, and the cup shook in my hand as I pledged their healths, which my master pitying, smiling, said, “I believe, Mr. Gent, I know your thoughts; because I have treated you as a servant, perhaps now and then with correction, only to make you better, you may think I shall carry myself with illnature to you for the future. No, my lad, I scorn it; and so does your good mistress, too, whatever you may judge of us both; and, as I am sensible you have been full seven years at the business, you may, from this night, work with whom

you please, under my protection; as yet, I believe, you are utterly unprovided, therefore, I desire you would neither want board nor lodging, such as you have had already, whilst I have a house to come to. So you see I do not prefer my interest to your good; and though you came an almost stranger to me, God forbid that I should send you as such abroad; at this time, as I am not so full of business but what our hands can do, you may make use of this opportunity by improving more with others: so that take a good heart, be diligent if you are employed, and patient if you are not; and never fear but every thing will answer for your good at last, as so far it has done already.” And so they both drunk my health, and bid me be cheerful.

It cannot be imagined what great satisfaction these words of my master gave me. I desired both of them not to think I should now think hard of any usage I might have received by correction, often, I believed, through misrepresentation of others; but if not, I owned that youth must either be under discipline, or entirely lost; that I had rather cause to rejoice they had been my defenders, and now were become a greater blessing than even my natural parents; but, at present, I could



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do no more than return my most humble thanks, for whose prosperity I should pray as long as life continued to make me sensible of so incumbent a duty.

Upon their asking me what money I had, I told them, my poor stock amounted to no more than a tester; that indeed I had a shilling, but sixpence of it went to pay for a letter that my dear mother happily sent me, wherein, considering my condition, she had ordered me forty shillings and half a dozen shirts, to be received of Mr. Gurnell, merchant, in Throgmorton street. This was great comfort in so particular a time.

So the next day I went to wait on him, but he was neither at home, nor on the Exchange; I took a walk into Moorfields, and looking over the booksellers' stalls, I spied Ayre's Arithmetic, which buying, I parted with my last sixpence, thinking it would not be long before I had a fresh recruit. I went back again, but not finding my merchant, I was obliged to dine with Duke Humphrey: that I might not return empty, I had patience to fast till about four o'clock, and then it was, with great joy, that I found him in his habitation. The good man delivered me what was ordered, with a pious exhortation how to behave myself in the world; that I

should carefully endeavour to shun the paths of wickedness, and strive to live such a pious life, as might not only be conducive to my health and reputation, but be the only means, after death, to obtain a state of felicity which is eternal in the heavens above. I found, by his modest habit, that he was a sort of Quaker, and returned him thanks for his care and advice, as he richly deserved. However my craving stomach was pained for want of temporal food, I so well digested this heavenly sustenance that my tender nature could not refrain from tears; and so, humbly taking leave, I went directly to seek a place of business, when luckily, I happened to engage with Mrs. Bradford, a quaker, and widow, in Fetter lane, who ordered me to come the next morning. With great spirit and elasticity I flew, as it were, homewards, to the great satisfaction of my kind master and mistress, who asked me, why I did not come to dinner? if I was not almost starved? or if I lit of the merchant, and dined with him? I told them the whole truth; and, going to work the next day, I continued so briskly, that by Saturday night I had earned near seventeen shillings: so that, having near three pounds in bank, and a new suit of



clothes, of about three pounds price, which Mr. Midwinter had given me, exclusive of my other apparel, I thought that I might do pretty well in the world; in order to which, I furnished myself with a new composing iron, called a stick, because anciently that useful material was made of wood; a pair of scissors, to cut scaleboards; a sharp bodkin, to correct the letter; and a pretty sliding box, to contain them, and preserve all from rustiness; I bought also a galley, for the pages I was to compose, with other appurtenances that might be of service to me when occasion should require.

But as inconsiderate youth is, too soon, over fond of novelty, being invited to another place, under Mr. Mears, in Blackfriars, I very indiscreetly parted with my mistress, which entirely lost me the favour of that knowing gentlewoman. On my entrance amongst a number of men, besides paying what is called Benmoney, I found, soon after, I was, as it were, to be dubbed as great a cuz as the famous Don Quixote seemed to be when he thought himself a knight, and that the innkeeper was lord of the castle, in the yard of which he judged that the honour was conferred: though the insipid folly thereof, agreeably to their

strange harangues in praise of the protecting charms of cuzship, which, like the power of Don Waltho Claterbank's infallible medicines, would heal all evils, whether curable or not, was not very agreeable to my hearing; yet, when the master himself insisted it must be done, I was obliged to submit to that immemorial custom, the origin of which they could not then explain to me. It commenced by walking round the chapel, (printing rooms being called such, because first begun to be practised in one at Westminster Abbey;) singing an alphabetical anthem, tuned literally to the vowels; striking me, kneeling, with a broadsword; and pouring ale upon my head: my titles were exhibited much to this effect, "Thomas Gent, baron of College Green, earl of Fingall, with power to the limits of Dublin bar, captain general of the Teagues, near the Lake of Allen, and lord high admiral over all the bogs in Ireland." To confirm which, and that I might not pay over again for the same ceremony, through forgetfulness, they allowed me godfathers, the first I ever had before, because the Presbyterian minister, at my christening, allowed none at his office; and these, my new pious fathers, were the un-reverend Mr. Holt and Mr.



Palmer. Nay, there were witnesses also, such as Mr. Fleming, Mr. Gibbins, and Mr. Cocket, stanch journeymen printers. But after all this work, I began to see the vanity of human grandeur; for, as I was not yet a freeman, I was discharged as a foreigner in about a fortnight or three weeks' time. This was like a javelin to my soul, especially when I thought how vainly I had left Mrs. Bradford, in whose house I had lived without envy or danger; I imagined myself in a worse state than the prodigal, and judged that I was highly guilty of incivility, if not ingratitude. But though I believed my capacity for her business might induce her to accept me once more, yet, fearing her just contempt, I durst not adventure again to offer my service; therefore I sought for a new place, and instead of one, got several; in short, I obtained smouting-work, that is, labouring here and there without settlement, which affording a tolerable subsistence, made me endeavour to prove an excellent smouter, a more profitable title than that of a cuz, I assure you. And now I thought I had as little occasion to value Mears as he had set by me in discharging me as he did; I was so full of resentment, that when I met the proud fellow, (as I could call him

no other, by his usage,) that I did not shew the least respect, but scorn, and would never work for him after.

Some months past, when Mr. Midwinter had a letter from Mr. White, at York, that they wanted a young man at the business; and my answer being thought too pert or unsatisfactory to the proposal made me, I was rejected for a season; but one Isaac, a hawker, happening to travel in the country, went to that city, and being asked questions, if he knew Mr. Midwinter, or me, gave such a character of me, as turned the scales in my favor. Another letter came from Mrs. White, that I might, if I thought fit, have allowed me eighteen pounds a year, besides board, washing, and lodging. Mr. Midwinter consented I should go, since London was to me uncertain, and would be, till the time should come when I might have the same freedom as others; and indeed, though unwilling to leave so magnificent a city, I thought my consent became necessary. A guinea was allowed to bear my charges, twenty shillings of which I offered to Crofts, the carrier, a very surly young fellow as ever I conversed with, but he would have five or six shillings more; finding him so stiff with me, I was resolved to venture on foot. He set out with



his horses on Monday, which I employed in taking leave of my friends, and particularly, that evening, of Mr. and Mrs. Midwinter.

The next morning, being Tuesday, the 20th of April, 1714, I set forward, and had not, I think, walked three miles, when a gentleman's servant, with a horse ready saddled, and himself riding on another, overtook me, and, for a shilling, with a glass or so on the road, allowed me to ride with him in my road as far as Caxton, which was the period of his journey. On Wednesday, with difficulty, I reached Stamford; on Thursday, got to Newark, famous for the ancient castle near Trent, built by Alexander, bishop of Lincoln; Friday, having lost my road, I got no further than Bawtry; on Saturday, reached Sherburn; on Sunday, was much delighted with the stream of Wharf, near Tadcaster, and the same day arrived at York, about twelve o'clock. The first house I entered to inquire for my new master was in a printer's, at Petergate, the very dwelling that is now my own, by purchase; but not finding Mr. White therein, a child brought me to his door, which was opened by the head maiden, that is now my dear spouse. She ushered me into the chamber, where Mrs. White

lay something ill in bed; but the old gentleman was at his dinner, by the fireside, sitting in a noble arm-chair, with a good large pie before him, and made me partake heartily with him.\* I had a guinea in my shoe lining, which I pulled out to ease my foot, at which the old gentleman smiled, and pleasantly said, it was more than he ever had seen a journeyman save before; I could not but smile too, because that my trunk, with my clothes, and eight guineas, was sent, about a month before, to Ireland, where I was resolved to go, and see my friends, had his place not offered to me as it did.

I lived as happy as I could wish in this family, and as I earned money, I bought me clothes, to serve me till I either went to visit my parents, where my trunk was carried to, or that I could get it sent me over sea; for Mr. White had plenty of business to employ several persons, there being few printers in England, except London, at that time; none then, I am sure, at Chester,

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\* Mr. White had printed the Prince of Orange's Declaration when it had been refused by all the printers in London, and was made king's printer for York and five counties. See *Literary Anecdotes*, &c. by John Nichols, vol. iii. p. 688. ED.



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Liverpool, Whitehaven, Preston, Manchester, Kendal, and Leeds, as, for the most part, now abound.

The death of Queen Anne, at Kensington, on the 29th of July, occasioned the proclamation of King George I., on the 3d of August following, at York; it was on the steps of the magnificent cathedral that I perceived the comely tall presence of that most illustrious prelate, Sir William Dawes, the archbishop, in company with the lord mayor and chief citizens, when the ceremony was performed. On the 9th of November, I purchased a watch of Mr. Etherington, a Quaker, in High Ouse Gate, which, with the chain, cost me six guineas. On the 13th of December, Mr. Andrew Hind and Archibald Ashburn, (the former a broken master printer, the other a journeyman,) came from their journey from Ireland to York; they received assistance from some of the Scots printers, and me in particular, though the latter proved so proudly ungrateful as not to regard me when I saw him afterwards at London. The year following\* came another of the fraternity from thence, and though I had obliged the man in what lay in my power, whose name was William Sudworth,

\* In April 1715. T. G.

yet the wretch discovered me to the full in such a vile manner, that I thought him such a drunken mad enemy, more worthy to be prayed for than resented, because from secret, while I heard him, I found he knew not what he did, or, at least, had no reason from me for such inhuman treatment. But my mistress, who knew how to catch at cheap advantages, let me know that I was little better, and in fact, no other than an apprentice lad; which, considering I had already served seven years, I must needs confess, cut me to the very soul. And in this melancholy humour being given to versifying, when I had given over business in the evenings, I attempted to invoke the muses, whilst I wrote the following lines of what, so young, I had undergone in this mortal life:

## I.

IN fair Hibernia first I sucked in breath,  
A pleasant isle, where spreading plenty flows,  
A kingdom which, of all the realms on earth,  
Is, sure, most happy, free from mortal foes,  
Where wars and animosities do cease,  
And, midst of war, enjoys a silent peace. .



## II.

Of meek and gentle parents dear I came,  
Whose great delight was once in me, their son;  
Who though for greatness they bore not a name,  
Yet, for proxinic virtue, bright have shewn;  
Were rich in grace, though not in shining ore,—  
They had enough, and who need value more?

## III.

In gentle sort they did me fair maintain,  
My habit graceful, as I grew in age;  
They sowed in me the seeds of future gain,  
Made me to read, betimes, each sacred page;  
And what successive learning might be gained,  
They did their best for me to be obtained.

## IV.

Both writing and arithmetic were taught,  
With Latin, too, for to adorn the tongue;  
But most, my mother's care, who would have nought  
Be wanting, makes her subject of this song;  
Whose wisdom with her piety did shine,  
That rendered her like one as though divine.

## v.

“Whate’er you do, my son,” she’d often say,  
“Or in what place you happen for to be,  
In foreign lands, or on the raging sea,  
Think of the Lord in most sublime degree;  
Then either will He your blest soul defend,  
Or send his guardian angels for that end.

## vi.

“Whatever wicked men of you may say,  
However they may strive to do you ill,  
Cease not to Him who made thee for to pray,  
And doubt not but He will defend thee still:  
Believe me, then, you’ll have no cause to fear;  
If God be for you, none to hurt you dare.

## vii.

“If fortune frowns, bear it with sweet content,  
Nor blame kind heav’n for partiality;  
But rather take it as a punishment  
Due to our sins, from which no mortal’s free.”  
And such dear exhortations would she give,  
That in the school of virtues I might strive.



## VIII.

Whilst thus I lived, my days went gliding on;  
But far from vice she strove me still to part;  
Would not excuse the least offence I'd done;  
She'd make me bring the rod, right used with art,  
Not furiously, as simple mothers use it,  
But mild, correct, and never once abuse it.

## IX.

Nor ever did she whip her children dear,  
But she would wound us with her kinder speech;  
Ne'er gave a stripe, but we might see a tear  
In her swoln eye, as if she would beseech  
That, for the future, we might take great care  
No more t'offend, that she the birch might spare.

## X.

But when, at length, grown up to be put out,  
And as a servile poor apprentice bound,  
Hard words, and harder blows were laid about,  
Far worse than parents give, or schools are found:  
My thirteenth year began to find new forms,  
Like Ocean's rage when windy Boreas storms.

## XI.

Three years I with a tyrant strove to live  
In easeless days, and more uneasy nights;  
Sleep—that kind nature doth in darkness give—  
He'd banish from our lids, and all delights;  
Severe beyond allowance, like a Turk,  
Cared for no servant, only for his work.

## XII.

By nature lustful, and by drink made worse,  
Fierce over those he knew were bound t'obey,  
Nero he seemed,—to us a greater curse,—  
Whilst on our bones he furiously would lay,  
A wretch so furious in his wrathful ire,  
As filled us all with heat, and set our souls on fire.

## XIII.

Such was the wretch, so were his actions vile  
As worthy proved of just reproach and shame,  
As pushed me sooner to forsake my isle,  
To be a stranger, and to merit blame;  
Which might, alas! my utter ruin been,  
Had not Jehovah interposed between.

## XIV.

Unknown to parents, then of friends most dear,  
Whose hearts for me were with much sorrow filled;  
Unknown to tyrant drunk, devoid of care,  
Or sober, like a brute, to creature mild;  
Away I moved, loaded with heavy grief,  
And little else to yield my mind relief,—

## XV.

Into a vessel, where I got safe hold,  
Tho' not exempt from high and boisterous storms;  
Sometimes I could the ocean wide behold,  
To my stray'd eyes display most hideous forms;  
Then did I wish myself free from the main,—  
Wish on I might, but wishing was in vain.

## XVI.

I can't express the sorrows I endured;  
But few, I knew, there were could pity me:  
Just like the deer, who from the hounds allured  
Himself, but in the lion's paw fell he;  
So I, escaping from a cruel master,  
Did seem to plunge myself in worse disaster.



## XVII.

When worst of saliant waters I past o'er,  
And came at last in sight of British ground,  
Soon after landed on fair Albion's shore;  
A glimpse of sweet contentment there I found;  
On Providence I solely did depend,—  
Praised be the Power Divine that proved my friend!

## XVIII.

To London, then, my wandering feet I traced,  
Pinched much thro' want, but more by travel sore;  
The days seemed long, and nights too quickly ceased,  
Yet empty pockets made me ne'er give o'er,  
Till I beheld, with joy, its towering spires,  
And fresh became inflamed with new desires.

## XIX.

In London four long years I did remain,  
In servitude three years three quarters spent;  
Three years, four months, and fifteen days, in vain,  
In fair Hibernia I underwent;  
So, I may say, I've serv'd seven years or more,  
My freedom I will seek,—my liberty explore.

## XX.

Dear Mr. Midwinter, this must I say,  
Though unto me ofttimes I thought you hard,  
For that severity whilst you did sway,  
You for my service had no small regard;  
When like a worthy man you set me free,  
Well knowing I deserved my liberty.

## XXI.

Nor was this all which I esteem most dear,  
You like a parent unto me did prove,  
Well knowing that my friends were not me near,  
Your goodness flowed as blessings from above:  
May comforts thence surround you from the same,  
Whilst I your noble virtue shall proclaim!

## XXII.

I'm not ashamed to own what I have writ,  
Or mourn of poverty, which many scorn;  
Nor can I think that I betray my wit,  
If still I add, I was no beggar born;  
My father dear is of an honest trade,  
My mother's decent and genteelly bred.

## XXIII.

The best of men are subject unto woes;  
The richest oftentimes fall in poverty;  
The thoughts of which I ever did suppose  
Could be no wrong to mine, no hurt to me :  
They 're only poor and woful is their state,  
Who seek not God, and whom the Lord doth hate.

## XXIV.

'Twas Him alone has been my lonely friend,  
Whether in shady groves, or mounts, or plains ;  
He's dried my tears, whilst tears I had to spend,  
And made me change my joy to mournful strains ;  
My flattest notes has turn'd to sprightly sharp,  
Inspired me as that king who played like David's harp.

## XXV.

O may I ne'er forget a person here,  
Dear Madam Midwinter, of 'lustrious fame !  
Sweet darling woman ! Heaven's peculiar care !  
Worthy in annals bright to shine ; your name !  
What ear has heard, what eye has piercing seen,  
That good displayed ? such has my mistress been !



## XXVI.

By nature prone to virtue from her birth,  
Made of the finest and genteelest mould;  
One of the fairest products sprung from earth,  
Her mien and stature pleasant to behold:  
But though her lov'd perfections seemed divine,  
Above all these her virtues far did shine.

## XXVII.

I may compare her to that empress bright,  
Matilda, daughter to First Henry king,  
Whose graces sweet composed, gave such delight,  
Of every action justice loud did ring;  
Able to wound, yet mercy in her reign'd,  
And, oft offended, freely pardon deign'd.

## XXVIII.

To live unbounteous never did she know;  
Whilst speaking, pleasant was her speech to hear;  
Prompted to give, she quickly would bestow;  
If silent, silence seemed to all severe;  
But when she smiled, transcendent charms were seen,  
And all were pleased while she appear'd serene.

## XXIX.

Farewell, dear madam, if 'tis so decreed  
That I no more shall thee again behold;  
But whether God, who knows what all do need,  
Says live awhile, or soon fall into mould,  
In heaven for ever blessed be thy soul,  
Where virtues glittering most transcendent rule.

## XXX.

Now from a seven years' servitude, at last,  
I'm sent abroad, to seek my daily bread;  
Through many torments of my mind I've past,  
And still must look what painful steps I tread;  
For some rejoice I can't as yet be free,  
Whilst others hope that I shall never be.

## XXXI.

Printing is sure a fine and curious art,  
Esteemed by princes, great and mighty men,  
Because that things obscure it doth impart  
More quick than numbers e'er could do by pen:  
So cheap withal—what manuscripts contain,  
As saves a world of time with little pain.

## XXXII.

But men who do at press this art profess,  
Do work like horses wild, as seem themselves;  
Whilst those at case, styl'd asses, seem not less,  
Though for the most part both are drunken elves:  
Famous for knowledge which they strict pursue,  
But when o'er pot, for dullest scandal too.

## XXXIII.

Some time amongst these herds I did remain;  
As they appeared to me like grunting swine,  
Envious at what I earn'd with no small pain,  
And grudging that I had therewith to dine:  
Till moved at length by kind auspicious ray,  
I'm far from them, o'er hills and far away.

## XXXIV.

I shall not now such characters declare,  
Nor would I, gen'rally, be understood,  
For though the most are bad, yet some there are  
Of honest hearts, sincerely just and good;  
But few indeed, compared unto those  
Who shamefully this art sublime expose.



## XXXV.

And now to ancient Ebor's city come,  
Perchance I may some time recline my head,  
Till future years shall make me spring in bloom,  
Or I, through fate, or all my foes, be dead :  
Which way it will, I trust that God will be  
My guardian here and in eternity.

## XXXVI.

Young sure I am, and yet have felt much wo,  
But happy 'tis, I own, to be so tried ;  
In vale of tears, we sorrow undergo,  
Before we can in happiness abide :  
Tremendous Being ! let me never sever,  
But love Thee still, whose love will last for ever.

Having thus vented the diversity of my flowing passions, I made myself as easy as possible with Mr. White, till the year expired that I was hired for; though offered to be continued, I would not agree to stay another year, till I had seen my friends in Ireland. Yet what made my departure somewhat uneasy, I

scarce then well knew how, was through respect of Mrs. Alice Guy, (the young woman who I said first opened the door to me,) upper maiden to Mrs. White, who, I was persuaded to believe, had the like mutual kindness for me: she was the daughter of Mr. Richard Guy, schoolmaster, at Ingleton, near Lancashire; had very good natural parts, quick understanding, was of a fine complexion, and very amiable in her features. Indeed, I was not very forward in love, or desire of matrimony, till I knew the world better, and, consequently, more able to provide such a handsome maintenance as, I confess, I had ambition enough to desire; but yet my heart could not absolutely slight a lovely young creature, as to pretend I had no esteem for her charms, which had captivated others, and particularly my master's grandson, Mr. Charles Bourne, who was more deserving than any. However, I told her, (because my irresolution should not anticipate her advancement,) that I should respect her as one of the dearest of friends; and receiving a little dog from her, as a companion on the road, I had the honour to be accompanied, as far as Bramham Moor, by my rival, on Saturday, the 15th of May; being attended also with

my late companions, Mr. John Mickle, Mr. Penman, Mr. John Harvey, and others. In Yorkshire I travelled through Leeds, Brighurst, Ealand, and over Blackstone Hedge; in Lancashire, through Ribondale, Rochdale, Bury, Bolton, Ashton, Prescott, and Liverpool. As I could not readily meet with a ship bound for Ireland, I thought to have worked with Mr. Terry, the printer of this latter town, but, the man seeming to have no more business than he thought he could manage, and not in the least, as I thought, courteous to me, a stranger, I made no hesitation, but directly crossed the river, in the ferry boat, to Estham, and so travelled to Park Gate; the Betty galley, with colours displayed, commanded by Captain Briscoe, was ready to sail with the first fair wind: I called to mind how much I was indebted to Providence in the state I was in, compared to that when I first beheld that place. The inns and public-houses being full, I lodged at Nesson, a mile from the shore: at first I did not like the house, on account of the ordinary travellers I 'spied there, which the landlady perceiving, "I see," said she, "you are not a common traveller, young man, by your habit and linen, and therefore you shall have a



clean bed to yourself:" and indeed it was so, in a little snug room, where, next morning, I was wonderfully pleased with the reflection that the sun, rising, made on the counterpane, being complete patchwork, like Joseph's coat, and, for aught I know, made up with as great a variety of colours. As I had formed a resolution to hire a fisherboat to carry me over the estuary, into Wales, my good-natured landlady agreeably called me to arise, with news that the captain was immediately preparing to sail, and that his streamers and ensigns gave indications that now the wind was fair for the voyage: quickly I dressed myself, took some refreshment, returned her thanks, with generous payment, refreshed my little dog, and so set forward to the vessel, wherein I joyfully entered with him; the flowing tide coming to its fulness, and turning upon its ebb, the anchors were quickly weighed up from the sand. The waves were very boisterous along the Welsh coast, according to the violence of the wind: we got into a creek near Holyhead that night, which is the most extreme point of Wales that lies opposite to Dublin; and here our captain, being hailed, went ashore, and brought along with him the Rev. Mr. Dubourdieu, a

clergyman, who belonged to the Episcopal French church in the cathedral dedicated to St. Patrick, in Dublin. He was a tall, swarthy, venerable, and pious gentleman; but the sailors terribly swore that they thought that they should have no good, for they would as lieve see the devil as a parson, to stop them in this manner in the middle of their voyage: and indeed, as it fell out, they seemed to be frightful prognosticators indeed, for, a little after, awful phenomena darkened the elements, succeeded by such a terrible storm that confounded all the passengers, and made the sailors pray, curse, and labour without intermission. For some days we were tossed about in this dangerous manner, that (as I heard afterwards,) many in Ireland had concluded our gallant ship and all her crew were utterly lost; for we were driven considerably towards the north, and not far from Scotland, but from thence made hard shift to shelter in the harbour of Douglas, in the Isle of Man, about a quarter of a mile from the town. That day the quality thought fit to go on shore and refresh themselves; whilst we that remained espied a funeral procession solemnly walking to an adjacent village, where the corpse was interred. Towards night, as the

boat was returning with the captain and the rest, the pilot told the great danger they were in by the high winds, and was afraid he could not attain the ship. "Row on," says the master, being drunk; but the man still representing the case, he struck at him for his care. "Nay then," said the pilot, "I am as little afraid to die as you; you may repent striking me before a few moments pass." Upon which he pulled up as commanded, but of a sudden the boat was almost overturned, and the company decently washed more than they expected. "Turn, my lads, to the shore," said the captain: "Pilot, I will make you amends, and am heartily sorry for what I have done." So they lodged at Douglas, with a resolution to stay for better weather; and, the next day, the boat was sent for those who were willing to come ashore, with a relation of what happened: I gladly embraced the opportunity, as being very sick with the tossing of the vessel. We continued here about eleven days: at first provisions were very reasonable, but more ships being driven to the harbour occasioned a scantiness while they continued. Some were much put to it for beds; but it fortunately happened that I met with an ingenious Irishman, Mr. Thomas



Kendall, who was a last-maker, and employed in the family of the Right Reverend Father-in-God Dr. Wilson, Bishop of Sodor, in that island; and besides was very acute in making viols: and letting him know that I was going to my dear parents, he was so good as to allow me to take share of his bed, which was large enough for both of us. For my board he recommended me to the family of Mr. John Corris, who dressed me any thing I wanted at a very easy expense, so that I could not expect to find better usage in any strange part of the universe. I might have had at first a good pullet for four pence, and a quart of strong brandy for an English shilling, which went there for fourteen pence.

I often used pensively to walk along the shore, the sands being very smooth, except the outward margent, where lay pretty stones and shells. The passage towards the north is terminated by a high rock, that falls gradually into the sea, and, I believe, lies for a great way beneath the surface of the water. One day I 'spied a small passage, by which I ascended, to have a better view of the country. There seemed, by the gradations (only fit for one person at a time), as if the steps had been hewn out by the labour of some ancient

hermit; for on the apex there was a seat too, that gave me a vast prospect of the ocean, and the place seemed to me as romantic as Calypso's island, where she would have enervated the vigour of divine Telemachus, had he not been defended by Minerva, under the shadow of Mentor. Here it was that my melancholy thoughts inspired me with a sort of poetical genius to contemplate on the unsettled affairs of this transitory life.

Upon Sunday following I went to hear divine service in the church of the village, where the corpse had been carried, as I mentioned before: and there I heard the Reverend Mr. Lancaster, an English gentleman, preach a funeral oration on the much lamented death of that gentlewoman, Mrs. Anne Stacey, who was spouse to one of the twelve senators there that rule in the nature of a parliament. I think, as well as I could hear or remember, the minister insisted that none of his auditors should too absolutely judge, that all suicides were in a state of damnation, for that many good and virtuous people had been overcome through a strange melancholy and other wild disorders, not readily to be accounted for: that as to the deceased, they knew it was the effect of a high fever that occasioned her to call for a knife to

pare an apple, which was as foolishly given her, and excessive pain that incited her to rip open her bowels, which issued forth with her life; that her former innocence and virtue, with her many charities to the poor and distressed, would no doubt be put into the balance with her last unhappiness, and, through the mercy of God, outweigh that crime and other enormities, which few (heaven knows,) but what are subject to. And, therefore, instead of uncharitable reflections, it rather should make us fly to the never failing refuge of powerful prayer, to be delivered from the horrid temptations of the devil, who sought all opportunities, especially in adversity and sickness, to ruin our precious and immortal souls, whom he would not have protected by holy angels, that, however, often snatch them from the dragon's power, and convey them to eternal rest beyond all sin and danger.

Another remarkable thing was at the visitation of the clergy. The good Bishop, I think, sat as judge, when a young fellow was cited for seducing a young damsel, to whom he had promised marriage: his lordship most piously laid before him the heinousness of his crime; that even the restitution he should be obliged to make



was not a sufficient retaliation, or expiation of his guilt, without a thorough repentance for what he had committed against God; but if a just sense and detestation of his faults plainly appeared by his future behaviour in being a good husband and truly reformed Christian, why then he could give him assurance that he should recover the favor of Heaven and his fellow-creatures, to the salvation of his soul and body. The trembling youth, melting into tears, (which set several of the spectators weeping also,) made not the least hesitation to marry his deluded creature, whose fair cheeks were also pitifully bedewed, as a token of her affection; and I make not the least question but that the holy prelate took speedy care that the solemn rites of the church should be soon performed between them.

I had a very willing mind to have seen Peel, Ramsey, and Castle Towns, only that I dreaded to lose my passage; and as it was, I had like to have lost it, from going on board that ship on this occasion. As I sat one rainy evening at a public-house, an exciseman was also at the fire-side near me: when I was innocently praising God for his preservation of our ship's company, he deridingly mocked, and hinted as if Almighty God

had no hand in human concerns that way, and our escape might only be imputed to the mere effects of chance; for what were we better than, probably, many good people that the same seas had swallowed up? had we greater reason to expect greater favors? and if not, was it not (though we might shew our gratitude by sundry highest indications,) an imputation upon the divine mercy and benignity that they were not saved as well as we? “No, no,” said he, “think not that your preservation was any concern of his, whose sphere only obtains that happiness which we fondly imagine, through excess of fear or devotion, doth also descend to us.”

“Sir,” said I, “why God suffers some to die sooner, or by more uncommon deaths, than others, I think becomes not any mortal too curiously to inquire. He may be willing at one time to take us from a more evil day, I mean from committing more evil, whereby our sad destruction might become inevitable. Perhaps, too, it might be, by immediate death, to bring them to speedy punishment for crying iniquities: and, for ought we know, through unbounded love, to call them to his happiness, as a quick reward for having done their duty to him in the best manner they were able. His

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pleasure in these cases is to be submitted to, and well thought of; but your argument is far from being so, which robs poor and afflicted travellers of their greatest comfort on earth, by making them of all men most miserable; that is, by denying the hope of God and Christ, with the assistance of the Blessed Spirit, in their greatest distresses, when they know not how soon their precious souls may be demanded of them. What can be more wicked than to hear you deny this? What more piercing to me under such circumstances, when I know my chiefest consolation is in the Lord; when I know there is nothing in the shadow of death can revive our sorrowful spirits more than the glorious thoughts of everlasting life; and nothing more strong to support us here than the love of Heaven, whose watchful eye is continually over the faithful, who seek divine truth and hold fast by the promises revealed to us."

Though I was but young, and not much learned, polemically to engage with a man of his age and capacity, with a sort of mathematical genius, yet I argued as well as I could from the Holy Scriptures, wherein so many miracles abound, to prove not only his Divine existence, but those admirable attributes intermingled



with love and compassion towards those of the large household of faith who place their confidence in him. That all our properties of goodness, aptitude, agreement, beauty, virtue, and reason centered in Him who gave us being, and from whom we derive all celestial improvements that will reinstate the soul in greater glory. And I reiterated that his care and love became manifested chiefly in giving his own son to die for our salvation, and sending his Holy Spirit to guide and comfort us in all the contingences of this mortal life, as well as to free us from sin and misery. Not to mention, from Eusebius, Justin, and others, those indubitable miracles that were performed in several ages of the church, especially in regard to saints, martyrs, and confessors, who owned Christ's divinity and assistance in their very last moments, and expired with joy in the midst of the most cruel torments.

Upon this he seemed to laugh heartily at me, and called me a poor pious philosopher; but I gave him such language, in the spirit of meekness, as I thought the case required, considering a text I had read "Not to provoke a heathen lest he sin," and such that I had no occasion to repent of. The company round us

seemed mightily pleased with what I said, called him an atheistical, foolish, unmannerly fellow, and told him that he had now met with his match. Upon this he flung away in a huff, and then I told them, I was far from public disputation, if he had not occasioned by words which I thought were very impious, especially to a stranger, but was sorry lest I had trespassed too much to hinder their discourse on other matters.

But they were very well pleased at his absence, willingly treated me, and told me he was continually affronting innocent persons. They added, they would speak of me to the Bishop's Gentleman, who was then in Douglas, and that he would take me to Castle Town, where I should want no assistance, till some ship or other was ready to sail for Ireland. Besides, that his lordship would be respectful to one of my profession, as he was a friend to the press, and greatly contributed to the printing of the Common Prayer in English and Manx, for the benefit of the people of the island. With this pretty talk of theirs, and the benefit of the sparkling liquor in clear glasses, we were all exhilarated to an high degree, and sat rather too long, as I felt by an aching head the next morning.

The sailors not knowing where to find me, had hoisted anchor, and when I arose about eight o'clock, the ship was vanished from my sight, behind a rock that screened me from its view; my concern was very great, till coming to the brink of the water, I found two other passengers, who had been left as well as I, agreeing with a boatman to follow the ship, with whom I gladly included myself into their bargain; but just as I was going to step in, my little dog, I suppose, not well pleased to venture again on the ocean, looked strangely affrighted, and began to run away: grieved to leave him, for the sake of her who gave him to me, I ran after him, till a rock that jutted into the sea stopt him, the boatman crying most of the time, "we'll go without you, if you don't come quickly!" but when I got him, I threw him over my shoulders, as one would do a sheep, and so run, panting, to them, whom I found had too tender hearts to leave me behind them. When I came aboard, I was accosted by the minister, the gentlewomen, and one Mr. Harvey, a student designed for Trinity College, with "Where have you been, young man? what was you afraid of, that you could not tell us where you lodged? all of us have been in sad concern about you; however, we are glad you have over-



took us in so good a time." I heartily thanked them for their well wishes, and so we got into Dublin Harbour that very day, and, by the boatmen from Ring's End, were carried to shore. Here, and at Lazar's hill, we were welcomed by many people, who had before been in terrible consternation, fearing the long expected ship was entirely lost, and now their hearts were filled with transporting joy.

When I came to my father's house, as our dutiful custom is there, I fell on my knees to ask his blessing. The good old man took me up, with tears in his eyes, kissed me, saying "Tommy, I scarcely knew thee." My mother being at my sister Standish's, near the Strand, I went thither and found her in the parlour; and she as little knew me, till falling in the same posture, I discovered her wandering son. The children, my nephews and nieces, ran out of the pleasant garden to behold their uncle; and, in short, I was as much made of as my heart could desire. But the most fond of me was my dear niece, Anne Standish, a perfect beauty. Often did we walk till late hours in the garden; she could tell me almost every passage in *Cassandra*, a celebrated romance that I had bought for her at London. She

was beloved by a gentleman of the same college where her brother, Mr. John Standish, was educated, and her countenance was so amiable, as if the rose and lily met together, that I think the young gentlewoman might have charmed the greatest personage on earth; but above all, which graced her modest behaviour, she was a most pious young creature, and exceedingly charitable to the poor.

After this, it was not long before I engaged myself as journeyman with Mr. Thomas Hume, in Copper alley; one whose mother was well acquainted with mine, and had her son brought up very prettily in the Blue-Coat Hospital, much like that of the famous St. Bartholomew, in London. Being put out to Mr. Francis Dickson, who kept a printing office, he became enabled at length to set up for himself, and printed many good books. But here I met with a sad persecution from my old master, Powell,\* who employed officers to seize me for

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\* In Dunton's Farewell to Dublin, this first master of Gent is thus described: "His person is handsome, I do not know whether he knows it or no, and his mind has as many charms. He is the very life and spirit where he comes, and it is impossible to be sad if he sets upon

leaving my apprenticeship with him. This was a cutting stroke, though I own it might be expected, and with extreme sorrow pierced me even, I may say, to the very marrow of my soul. In this poor condition I became the ludicrous sport of common Irish journeymen, and particularly of the scamperers from London, which usage I afterwards remembered in an Hudibrastic poem, of which I shall take notice in its proper place. In this melancholy situation, being forced to keep out of harms way, I received a comfortable letter from Mrs. Midwinter, in London, (who knew nothing of my trouble,) that if I pleased to return to her spouse, I should never want a home while she lived: meanwhile my dear father, my brother-in-law Mr. James Standish, and another gentleman visited Mr. Powell, and offered a certain sum for my releasement; but this obsequiousness made him insist the more on higher matters, so that,

it; he is a man of a great deal of wit and sense, and, I hope, of as much honesty; and his repartees are so quaint, apposite, and genteel. It is a pleasure to observe how handsomely he acquits himself; in the mean time, he is neither scurrilous nor profane, but a good man and a good printer, as well as a good companion."



upon due consideration, finding there was no other, and indeed no better remedy,—that the best of men had their troubles, nay, that King George himself just then, had an unnatural rebellion raised in his kingdom, which, on my coming thither, I had not as much as heard of,—that no inclemencies or dangers could be worse to me than Powell's tyranny, joined, for ought I could tell, with cruel revenge, and to frighten others through my example,—and that I had a good kingdom to return to at pleasure; I say when I considered all this with my friends, a resolution was formed and agreed to, that I should privately leave my native country once more, and wisdom taught me to keep all a secret within my own breast till times proved better with me. About that time I received a letter from my dearest, at York, that I was expected thither; and thither, too, purely again to enjoy her company, was I resolved to direct my course. I took leave of all friends, on the 8th of July, who seemed much concerned at our parting: but my unlucky whelp, that a little before, while taking a glass with Mr. Hume, had torn my new hat in pièces, seemed nowise affected at my taking boat, so I let the rascal stay with my dear parents, who were fond of him for my sake, as he was of them for his own; nor was he less pleasant, by his

tricks, to the neighbourhood, who called him Yorkshire, from the county I had brought him. Coming on the sea, we were becalmed, or if a breeze sprung out, it was rather contrary to our desires; so that it was the 12th instant when I arrived at Park Gate, where I had cause to thank God I was escaped once more from a man I was now sure had proved an inflexible enemy indeed. On the 13th, I hired a horse to Eastham, and took boat for Liverpool: it was of a market day, so that the vessel was mostly filled with a parcel of lovely damsels, who had baskets of provisions to sell, as any person, I believe, might see in the whole universal world; and the same encomium might be given those of Lancashire. After landing, who should I observe but my late friend Mr. Kendall, who had been so kind to me, in the Isle of Man. With joyful surprise I took him by the hand, led him to a public-house, treated him, and gave him a thousand thanks for his humane and Christian carriage towards me in distress.

[Here is another chasm, and when the narrative proceeds, he is on his way to London, having, as it appears, spent some time in York; the years are 1715 and 1716.]

But the next morning, getting about a mile from that town, a fellow steps from out of a hedge, as if by his staring and uncombed hair, ugly gait, and other insignia of a villain, he had made that his nocturnal habitation; upon my asking whither he was going, he said, “too and fro in the earth, for every place was alike to him.” Being a stiff strong man, I neither liked him or his style, when, luckily, a honest countryman, on horseback, passing by, I went to him, told him I did not like the company I had met with, and desired him to bear me away behind him, and I would satisfy him for his trouble; accordingly, I lost my ill-looking chap, met the opportunity of a coach the last day’s journey, and got safe to London, about three o’clock in the afternoon.

Whilst working there with my master Midwinter, I met with very barbarous usage from one Henry Lingard, a fellow-apprentice, son to a chairman that plied at the court end of the town. He used to say, “did I think to get my freedom?—no, he should take care to prevent me;” and such like stuff used to be the daily entertainment I met with from him. I believe he was set on by a journeyman, who, without any just reason, was as vexed because I was in a way to gain it,



in spite of their malice; but one day, this Lingard, hindering me from work, swore he would fight me, whether I would or no: I gave him all the good words I could, to be quiet, but in vain; grieved to the heart, I offered him money, to let me live easy the time I had to stay; that to make a noise in the house would be very ridiculous, and displeasing to our superiors: all signified nothing; thrash me, he would. "Well, Spark," said I, "well can I perceive those spiteful arrows, levelled to make me miserable, do not all come out of your quiver; I wish they that put you on, like a dog, to worry me, would appear as open as you do." "Dog!" said he, in disdain; with that he lets drive the first stroke, which obliged me to return his salutation. I beat him heartily in the case room, and then we tumbled, like fighting cats, down stairs, amongst the presses. The lye-trough standing at the bottom, he happened to fall with his head therein, when that unholy liquid smeared him to some purpose: we descended down another pair of grades, where the paper-bank tumbled after us for company into the back kitchen; and, notwithstanding his great strength, it was my happy fortune, through God's good providence,

to give him that just, though severe, correction, that he ran howling like a dog indeed that had lost his ears, to complain of me to his indulgent parents, who, far more reasonable, upon my telling them, impartially, the whole state of the case, made matters up between us, through desire of our good master and mistress, and, afterwards, never young persons proved better friends than he and I together.

About the month of September, I received a letter from my dear, which acquainted me that the poor condemned persons had felt the utmost severity of the law, for the mean value of three halfpence, which neither of them had received. I confess I was much astonished when I considered how very common it is with men, sportingly to ask a pint of ale, or the value thereof, on the road, without the least intention of robbery; for if so, it were highly criminal if they took but a farthing or nothing, since the making people stand to deliver is putting them in bodily fear, and punishable as if they had taken ever so great a sum. But I, like others, could not be satisfied with the credibility of the evidence; nor would I, in this case, judge ill of the printer, though, through his means,

while on my master's business, I had been shamefully abused by one Banks, a copper-nosed rustic, who kept the cock pit; and I wish I may not judge wrong, if I think that the temptation of the reward for taking highwaymen, proved the grand inducement to swear away the poor creatures' lives. But at that time, as the determinations of law were above my tender capacity, I could say nothing more but heartily wish the deplorable sufferers a happy immortality, hoping, at the final tribunal, they would meet with an infinitely more favorable Judge: and what seemed to me to render them more worthy of Divine mercy, and tender pity of their fellow-creatures, was the speech which Barron wrote with his own hand, and desired might be made public in print; and both he and Bourne confirmed the same at Tyburn, near York, on Saturday, the 8th of September, just before they were obliged to change this mortal life for a better. People were very much affected at their behaviour, both in regard to their vindication and sufferings; and though the sword of justice had lawfully smitten them according to the evidence, in which neither judge nor jury were to be blamed, yet charity made them to believe that the



poor sufferers were really guiltless of designing to commit any robbery, though they had acted a very foolish, and, as it happened, a fatal indiscretion. But Barron spoke and wrote very plainly, that his life was taken away unlawfully and unjustly, that, for his part, he was at a distance from those men who were concerned in so wretched a case, by the breaking of his shoe-buckle, which prevented his coming near them while it was in agitation; that is, he was not so close up to them as to be concerned, much less charged with what was acted, but yet he was not so far off neither, but that he heard Townshend beg a little money to get a drink, for truly that he had none to purchase a sup; whereupon Mr. King said that he had no more than three halfpence, which he readily gave him. But Mr. Jackson seemed a hero in defence of what he had, and told him, if he expected any, he must fight for it first. I am of opinion, that had Mr. Jackson been assaulted by a common footpad with a pistol, his courage would soon have been cooled from making resistance, and I wish his mind did not then give him, that these poor fellows, without weapons, could not be such as he, for a cursed reward, was willing to prove them; and, on the

other hand, no doubt but Townshend was surprised at such a proposition, which made him reply that he was nowise inclined for fighting, which argues he had no design of committing a robbery; and I think so too, for few stanch rogues are not only for taking what they can, but for blows, and often worse, in order to make their escape, and prevent discovery. Barron, employed in fastening his shoe, was not come up until all was over, and separated; and, therefore, solemnly declared that none of his companions, he believed, and for himself he was sure of, had the least thoughts of committing a robbery: for the reason of their going out of town, was to seek a deserter, who had been drinking with them at the Cart and Wheel, in Feeze gate, and for whose loss the serjeant had threatened he would make them pay; whereupon, rightly conceiving the fellow was gone to his father's, at Northallerton, they took the road to Clifton, wherein this unhappy action of three halfpence happened. But a thought striking into their heads that they would return to York, and declare to the officers their intent, by the information they had where he was gone, which it proved by being seen there next day, they stopped from their intended journey, to

put in practice their resolution: but it was not long before they met with King and Jackson, accompanied by assistants, to secure them as offenders! surprised and grieved, they scorned to be taken as such, and so went to their quarters. There it was that Barron and Bourne were secured, which, when Townshend heard of, who only had the three halfpence, he secured himself by making off, and never was heard of after, whilst they were strictly examined, hard sworn against, and led to prison, though entirely innocent. This was the effect of Barron's apology; but at his death, his charity went further; he freely forgave them, however, what they had done, though he never committed that or any other crime that merited heavy punishment from mankind, but, indeed, that he had been guilty of too immoderate love towards women of pleasure, drinking, and keeping company; "things," he said, "that were but too common in the world, and the ready ways to misfortune."

As to Bourne, he challenged any person to say he ever did the least wrong, and accused Jackson of downright perjury, insisting that he never demanded any money of them, or offered the least abuse. Thus these



two poor creatures died for being unhappily in the company of a foolish fellow, who yet was so wise as to shun theirs when under impending danger, when he was the most highly concerned.

Such a speech, howsoever just it might have been, (which none but heaven and the criminals satisfactorily knew,) had I then worked with Mrs. White, I should have endeavoured to have dissuaded her from the printing thereof; at least, I would have omitted those names, and dressed it in such language as might have as fully displayed their innocence, without falling under those losses which designing persons, who valued not the lives of the most harmless people, would rejoice should also be made their prey. But she, not having the least love for the reputation of Jackson, who served an apprenticeship with her husband, (nor was there any the like respect lost on his side,) she was resolved to print the same, as it seemed to tend to his disinterest, not considering of those disadvantages she became thereby obliged to sustain.

Her son-in-law, from Newcastle, unsatisfied with the share his father had left him, was at York at that time, and, as I heard, incited her to the completion of it,

either, I presume, not carefully reflecting on the danger, or, perhaps, not caring how much his kind stepmother, (if I may so use the epithet, for she was more kind, I believe, than he deserved,) might be oppressed, so that he might wickedly profit by the ruin of her and her grandson, whose name was joined with hers in the said printed paper, though, as I wrote before, she acted as entire mistress, by agreement. This publication of the late prisoner's last sayings so wounded the reputation of Mr. King amongst the people in general, that he sent his wife to complain of the same to Mrs. White, and to persuade her to ask pardon as publicly in print, by way of recantation. But madam was rather too obstinate, and indeed, I think, much to blame, (since so small a matter would have prevented what followed,) in refusing to yield to be in any error, or give the least satisfaction, by owning that she had been imposed upon. Matters growing to a ferment, there wanted no advice to her enemies, who had little to lose, and so much to expect by suing her to take the advantage of the law, which quite gave its sentiments against her, Mr. Bourne being cleared by the judge, as a minor under tuition by which judgment she lost near fourscore pounds.

This success to her adversaries emboldened them to attack Mr. Morpew, the publisher at London, in whose monthly pamphlet the same speech, or words like it, had been inserted. But he was so wise as to prevent their sinister design, by applying himself to the judge, who, no doubt, gave him that advice which he took by submitting to a recantation; by which means he pleased Mr. Serjeant, and saved his purse from their mercy. But the unfortunate Mrs. White's troubles were not ended; for now, Jackson began to send his puffs abroad, how he would bring her once more under the lash, for wounding the reputation of so *honest* a man! And, 'tis not to be doubted but, pushed on by his ancient hatred, the action had certainly been brought against her, a second time, for the same paper, if his hands had not been palmed with twenty guineas, paid him by Mr. Martin Lantro, barrister at law, nephew to Mrs. White, who was uneasy to leave his aunt, being her heir, till she was freed from this vexation also, and then he returned to Lyon's inn, at London, where he received his learned education. He was a worthy gentleman, who, at my writing to him of the poverty that the sister of Mrs. White was fallen into, and but



indifferently used by a snarling husband, he allowed this poor aunt of his six guineas a year, which I paid to her by his order, till death released her from all care and necessity.

As to King and Jackson, they gloried awhile with the money they got as a reward for taking up highwaymen, and with what was obtained through Mrs. White's misfortunes. But they were often twitted with it, notwithstanding their threatenings to any that should tell them of it. One of them did not long survive, but the other did, till after the time that Bower was condemned for the robbery of Mr. Harris, of Giggleswick; at the pardon of whom, and his being defended by a learned pen, (in consideration that Garbut, one of the high party, had before been cleared,) his son being employed in printing for Bower's side, in his newspaper, an answer was put up at the Common Hall gate, which complained that Jackson was believed for an action done at twilight, as he said, by men who robbed them of three half-pence, for which they had been hanged, and had not the money neither; and that it was strange, plain testimony of the young gentleman against Bower, the verdict of a jury, and just sentence of the law, should

be questioned, through a partial defence of such a wretch who more richly deserved hanging, by all appearance. This so nettled old Jackson, who indeed was not to be blamed for what his foolish mean-spirited son printed, that he did not long survive it.

I assure my reader that I have related the case with the greatest impartiality; and as I believe the unfortunate sufferers who died at Tyburn, through his evidence, were happy as to the enjoyment of their fleeting souls, so I wish that of Mr. Jackson, through a secret repentance, may appear without any accusation against it at the great tribunal.

I should not have mentioned this shocking digression, if I had not ascertained how much Mrs. White was affected at my absence. Often would she say to my dearest, "Alas, had poor Gent been with me! though young, he was adorned with prudence, and I am sure would not have done any thing whereby I could have been hurt in this barbarous manner: how does he do? does he never write to you? I wonder what's the reason he never lets me know so much as how he lives." After this, her illnesses came on apace, and she suffered extreme afflictions, though she had all the assistance

that learned doctors or other skilful persons could afford. Her first husband was a clergyman at Wakefield, and she was very happy in her last. She was of comely stature, pretty features, and generally good-conditioned, but of too great passions when put out of quiet temper. However, her charity to the poor could wipe away a multitude of faults that way; so that, when she sickened, none could be more deservedly lamented by them. She continued for a long while in a languishing pitiful condition, attended carefully by my dear, whom she looked upon little less than if she had been her own daughter. All this while I was as careful in saving what I earned as possible, but yet could not perceive a prospect of settlement, whereby to maintain a spouse like her as I judged she deserved; and I could not bear the thoughts to bring her from a good settlement, without I could certainly make us both happy in a better.

In the year 1717, I had the great happiness of being made freeman of the company of Stationers, at their spacious hall, in Warwick lane; and afterwards, on the 9th of October, in the same year, commenced citizen of London, at Guildhall, notwithstanding the false objection raised against me in the court, by one Cornish,



that I had been married in my apprenticeship; but my master, Midwinter, proved him a notorious liar, and he was reprehended by the warden and others. We dined at a tavern that day, and my part of the treat, with other expenses came to about three pounds. A little time after, my parents sent me word that they had given the five pounds I ordered for my first master Powell's discharge, if he would accept thereof; which, at length, he received with a willing heart, and wished me all manner of happiness. Thus I became absolutely free, both in England and Ireland, which made me give sincere thanks to the Almighty from the inward recesses of my soul.

And now, thinking of my kind usage in the Isle of Man, I endeavoured, in the following lines, to give it the best character I was able to do.

BLEST, happy isle! of thee I now must write,  
And for thy kindness, in these words requite:  
When threatening storms did drive me to thy shore,  
Thy sight was pleasing more than golden ore;  
With languid eyes thy lofty rocks I viewed,  
With rapturous joys our fainting hearts renewed,  
Sickness, and grief, and want, relief did find,  
Joys pushed us on, whilst terrors stalk'd behind.

Life of our souls! who gave me life near death,  
Prolong'd my days, to find a grave on earth.  
In ancient manner for to treat thy worth  
Requires a skilful pen to set it forth;  
I only as a traveller indite,  
And in peculiar manner mean to write.  
Thou hast a power, and unerring law,  
Within thy bounds, to hang, or burn, or draw;  
And tho' thy king's a subject, from thy land,  
Yet, I am certain, he's a king in Man.  
Thy parliament consists of twelve, 'tis known,  
Whose wisdom by their government is shown:  
Thy priests and church like ours. This you may boast  
That, from all sects, you are unmixed most.  
No Papists here, or Presbyterians dwell  
Within your isle, as I am informed well.  
Religious strictness, sure, in thee is found,  
And innocence and honesty abound.  
Let other nations never call thee poor,  
Thou hast God's blessings,—what can they have more?  
What though thou hast not silver much, or gold,  
Provisions for the cheapest rates are sold:  
Good bread, fish, butter, and meat, though the least,  
Is sweet, and very pleasant to the taste:  
Fourteen-a-penny eggs, the drink most clear  
And smooth, to relish down your harmless cheer.

These, sure, the meanest want not,—are not scant  
Of that which many, in some places, want.  
Their coin, which way you turn it, always stands,  
And ever goes, but not in foreign lands.  
No noisy factions or divisions be;  
And war or tumult scarce is found in thee:  
Thy people honest, tho' some count 'em mean;  
Yet they by nature wholesome are, and clean:  
Their children, too, (who need not give me thanks  
For this just praise,) can English speak, and Manx;  
What tho' they barefoot walk upon the sand,  
To save their shoes,—How pleasing is the strand!  
How beautiful the waves, when gliding on!  
How soft are not the paths they tread upon!  
With homespun garments, they in winter dress;  
Make honesty, not pomp, their happiness:  
A good old age they see, are blest with health,  
Which do exceed the greatest pomp or wealth.

Lo, Nairne! 'tis said that lordly Scot is sent,  
For rebel's act, there to meet banishment.  
But is this exile, when that he can see  
Not only Man, but likewise kingdoms three?  
Scotia the north, Albion the north-east,  
And fair Hibernia, too, upon the west.  
Not punishment he, for his sins, can call,  
Or if it be, there's mercy mix'd with all.



Let him, then, bless King George. Nairne cannot crave  
What's fit for man but he in MAN may have:  
Doth he want liquor that is strong and stout?  
No better brandy in the world throughout :  
There good and wholesome beer and ale is found,  
There foreign products plenteously abound ;  
That lord with pleasure circle may the isle,  
And view ships sailing many a distant mile;  
From town to town on little horses ride,  
Or should he tumble off, scarce hurt his side ;  
Live near the bishop, in fam'd Castle Town,  
And, acting well, not value mortal's frown.

Farewell! adieu! thou pretty happy isle,  
Peaceful and just, which causeth heaven to smile,  
Relief of ships, and passengers distress'd,  
By both made happy, may you still be blest;  
No spunging there, but Christian pity shown  
To sick or weak, as I have truly known ;  
Not like Park Gate, where liv'd a griping race,  
Enough to eat the nose from off your face.  
If e'er in storms I'm on the surging main,  
May I be driven to Manx' isle again !

Thus I diverted myself in expressing my gratitude  
to God and man for benefits received; and now no  
place of good business was denied me, neither wanted

I that diligence that was necessary for my profit. But still it was my fortune, though I entirely loved the young woman, to dread wedlock, fearing so great an expense as that state of life requires, especially from a servant to become superior to others. However, I kept correspondence with my dear, my intent being, some time or other, to set up in a proper place in the country, for as yet my purse was far from being sufficient; nor would it have been for a long time, had I stayed with Mr. Midwinter, for the maintenance he allowed I should take at York, which were but the same as he afforded till I became a citizen, when I thought I could provide for myself, and perhaps others, in a much better manner. In short, as I told him I was for going, he took it so much to heart that, to vex me, I was ordered to depart immediately, without a fortnight's warning in such cases, which fixed in my mind as deep a resentment. What I acted, I modestly judged to be agreeable to reason, though he called me a jesuitical dog, for carrying myself so humbly till I had gained my ends: but I told him that I had learnt that submission from none but Jesus, who took on him the form of a servant for our sakes; and if he wished me ill, it was more than ever

I should suppose of him or his spouse, both of whom, I hoped, would ever be blessed with perfect happiness; that whatever they thought of me, I imagined my case was the harder, since I knew they were not unprovided with servants, though their anger would not allow me time to seek a new master; however, I would not aggravate them by more words. “Sir,” said he, “have you no copies of mine in your trunk, which you may think to get printed in another place?” “Well, master!” answered I, “this wounds me more than the worst action you could have done by me; here’s the key,—open it; take them if you find such, and seize every thing I have, for a just forfeit for my infidelity.” At which Madame Midwinter said “My dear, don’t be too hard, neither, upon the young man, since he will go; perhaps he may repent first, when he finds the want of business; don’t spoil what you have done for him, nor hinder him from getting a living in the best manner he is able.” Hereupon I returned her my dutiful thanks, and meekly departed.

Some hours had not passed when I waited on Mr. Watts, who promised me business upon the first occasion he had for a new journeyman. Thinking it would not be

long I took a lodging at the King's Head court, in Drury lane, at eighteen-pence per week, and had a bed in the first fore room, a pretty sort of a parlour, to myself, for I cared not to have any man as a companion, through cheapness, but would give more to lie alone. After some days, the landlady, who took notice of that deep melancholy which afflicted me for being out of business, proved very kind, and said a great many pretty things to comfort me. I suppose to know my pulse, she asked me if I knew the picture of the Chevalier which was in my chamber? But I had other things to think on, or I might, on play nights, have seen Prince George and Princess Caroline visiting the theatre. My notions were not so much fixed on great personages, (though, in a political thought, I did not want the least sense of the most humble and dutiful respect to our superiors in church and state,) as how to spend my time well, and procure an honest livelihood in a troublesome world. I was obliged with sorrow to remove into the city, and constrained to labour at the press, with jobs done at various houses, since work at case was not so brisk but what there were enough of hands to perform. My strength was now put to its utmost stretch, till it happened that



I applied to the courteous and ingenious Mr. Wilkins, in Little Britain; on his asking with whom and where I served my time, he thought, as it was a ballad house, that I must, in consequence, be insufficient for his polite business; but upon my desiring him to try me, and if disliked, to discharge me without wages, he became, upon trial of me, so satisfied with my work and behaviour, that he resolved I should be one of his constant servants. In his house I wrought alternately at press and case, the latter mostly on the Bishop of Bangor's Answer to the Convocation; but was much maligned, without the least occasion, by Samuel Negus,\* a journeyman, who had been for a time apprentice with Mr. Midwinter as well as I: that invidious creature, wanting more homage than there was occasion for, used often to twit me that it was through his means I was kept in. How that was, I did not know; but I am sure his peevishness made me long to be out again, to

\* Of Watts, Wilkins, and Negus, notices may be found in the *Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century*, by Mr. Nichols; where is, also, (vol. i. p. 305,) a copy of the list of printers distinguished according to their political bias, of which Gent, not without reason, afterwards complains.

which I may add my great fatigue at the press, furthered on such a desire when I could be employed more suitable to my genius and constitution. My landlord, Mr. John Purser, the joiner, informing me one night, that the aforesaid Mr. Watts wanted a compositor, and would willingly accept me, which he could not do before, I gladly waited on that gentleman, and gave warning to Mr. Wilkins, who, sorry to part, would fain engage me, that if I left Mr. Watts, I should apply to him again. So I went from him; but a little after, the same Negus quarrelling with an apprentice, "What!" said the lad, "will you drive me from my master, as I am sure you did poor Mr. Gent, that harmless young man?" which Mr. Wilkins happening to hear of, protested that if he had known it before, (which my generous temper scorned to take notice of,) he would not have permitted him to order me to the press, but rather parted from him, and kept me entirely to the case, which would have prevented my going to any other; which grieved Negus to such a degree, that the base wretch sent a complaint to the house where I was, by an old printer, called Father Peyte, as if I intended to leave Mr. Watts, and return, and have the bringing up of an apprentice,

to his prejudice; but his apprehensions appearing groundless, plainly shewed what he afterwards proved, for this very fellow composed a list of all the master printers in England, (and, through malice, put me in amongst them, at a time when I was not arrived at that careful degree, but actually working as a journeyman with old Mr. Henry Woodfall,) exhibiting the titles of “high” and “low,” and those of which he was uncertain as to their principles. This he sent to the secretary of state, in hopes to have a power as messenger of the press; a copy of which, from the office, being given to Mr. Watts, his petition and catalogue were printed and distributed amongst the profession, especially the masters, among whom the wretch was one at that time; but the rascal being sufficiently exposed, lost his credit, and was obliged to return into the condition from whence he came. One Clemson, whom he had made a pressman, as being brother to his wife, went as a common soldier to Gibraltar, the daughter of whom was a poor hawker, though, I believe, the most harmless of the family.

In the year 1718, the venerable Archbishop Dawes came to London, having either been indisposed the year before, or, as a good prelate, did not care to be present

or concerned when the executions were obliged to be performed on some illustrious criminals. This was only owing to the tenderness of his spirit, ever inclined to mercy, whilst his loyalty, like the sun in glory, shone with conspicuous rays of lustre, and his piety soared even to heaven itself. As I heard him preach in York, I was comforted to behold him in the pulpits of St. Magnus and St. Clements Danes, in London; and his discourses were so heavenly, his deportment so sweetly majestic, with so charming an elocution, that unusual transports could not fail to bless me, and all who heard him, with sincere devotion.

And now I thought myself happy, when the thoughts of my dearest often occurred to my mind: God knows, it is but too common, and that with the best and most considerate persons, that something or other either gives them disquietude, or makes them seek after it. It was my chance, one day, to be sent for by the Rev. Mr. Smith, near Foster lane, who told me he had heard of my character, and as Mr. Crossgrove was breaking off partnership with Mr. Hasbert, of Norwich, if I would accept of his place, or take so much standing wages as would subsist me, and part of the business



for encouragement, he would recommend me: after some consideration, we struck up an agreement; and, a few hours after, I had a letter of encouragement from Ireland, as also a mournful one from my parents, that they were very infirm, and once more extremely desirous to see me before they died. On this I relinquished my intended journey to Norwich, though the stage-coach was ordered to receive me; but took care to recommend Mr. Robert Raikes in my room, who is now settled master in Gloucester. I parted also from Mr. Watts; wrote a lamenting letter to my dear in York, bewailing that I could not find a proper place, as yet, to settle in; told her that I was leaving the kingdom, and reminded her, by what had past, that she could not be ignorant where to direct, if she thought proper so to do; that I was far from slighting her, and resigned her to none but the protection of heaven. But sure never poor creature afflicted with melancholy that I was upon my journey! my soul did seem to utter within me, Wretch that I am, what am I doing? and whither going? my parents, it's true, as they were constantly most affectionate, so indeed they are, especially in far advanced years, peculiar objects of my care and

esteem: but am I not only leaving England, the Paradise of the world, to which, as any loyal subject, I have now an indubitable right, but am I not also departing, for ought I know, for ever from the dearest creature upon earth? from her that loved me when I knew not well how to respect myself, who was wont to give me sweet counsel in order for my future happiness, equally partook of those deep sorrows which our tender love had occasioned, was willing to undergo all hazards with me in this troublesome life, whose kind letters had so often proved like healing balm to my languishing condition, and whose constancy, had I been as equally faithful, and not so timorous of being espoused, through too many perplexing doubts, would never have been unshaken, and without question would have promoted the greatest happiness for which I was created. Thus were my agitations so great that, coming near Chester, I fell so suddenly ill one night, that I expected death before the morning; but recovering, and hearing that passengers had waited long at Park Gate for a passage, I would not stay to ask Mr. Ince, a master printer, newly set up for business, but travelled to Holyhead in about four days, and sailed in the packet boat, com-

manded by Captain Avery. I was very wet, and much fatigued, but one of the sailors was so good, for a small matter, to let me have his cabin, dried my garments, and carefully attended me, for which I generously rewarded him. Early in the morning we took boat in the harbour; but not being able to make up to Dublin, we crossed three leagues, to get to Dunleary, about five miles south-east of the city: we were so numbed with cold, that when we landed, we could scarcely stand upon the sands; but striving till the blood returned into its channels with heat, we got to a house, awakened the people, had a fire lighted of furz bushes, and got some refreshments. The captain, and postboy, with some gentlemen, got horses, but I ventured on foot, without fearful apprehension; on the rising of the sun, I had a most agreeable prospect of the gentry's seats near the shore, and soon after arrived once more at the house of my father.

None could be more kindly received by my friends than I was; our neighbours used to plague me, in asking What news? Some time after, we heard of that wicked intention of John Sheperd, to slay the Lord's anointed; the Irish are very loyal to King George and the royal

family, and judged it well done to execute so strange a youth, who had much better have minded his painting, than to harbour the least unworthy thought of our gracious sovereign. So much do they honour the memory of King William the Third, that it is punishable in the least to traduce it, whose equestrian effigy, in brass, is fixed as a great ornament, in College green.

I had the pleasure here of visiting my sister Standish's family, when I pleased,—walking in the garden joining to their pleasant house, near the Strand, and conversing with my pretty nephews, and beautiful nieces, as I often did; especially with my dear niece, Mrs. Anne Standish, many a pleasant hour by ourselves, talking of history, travels, and the transactions of the most illustrious personages of both sexes: but now and then, when she would touch of their love, I believe, to know if ever I had felt its unerring dart, my dearest in England quickly recurred to my wandering thoughts, and filled my heart with such strong emotions, that my sudden sighs could not but reveal my inward trouble, which did not pass by unobserved, though I strove to hide them.

But indeed, after some time, I found cause enough to



give me uneasiness, for the business, though I wrought with kind Mr. Hume, who gave me what he could well spare, was not near so beneficial as what I had at London; but the affection I bore to my dear parents, so I could but obtain common subsistence, took all thoughts of further advantages away, till Mr. Alexander Campbell, a Scotchman, in the same printing office with me, getting me in liquor, obtained a promise that, when he was determined, I should accompany him to England, where there was a greater likelihood of prosperity. Accordingly, he so pressed me, and gave such reasons to my dear parents, that it was not worth while to stay there for such small business as we enjoyed, that they consented we should go together; but alas, their melting tears made mine to flow, and bedewed my pillow every night after that I had lodged with them: "What, Tommy," my mother would sometimes say, "this English damsel of yours, I suppose, is the chiefest reason why you slight us, and your native country; well," added she, "the ways of Providence, I know, are unsearchable, and whether I live to see you again or no, I shall pray God to be your defender and preserver."

I thought it not fit to accumulate sorrows to us all, by returning any afflicting answers, but taking an opportunity whilst she was abroad on her business, I embarked, with my friend, once more for England; but it was our hard fortune, through contrary winds, to get no farther than Holyhead. From hence, loaded with clothes, after painful steps, we ascended the high mountain of Penmaenmawr, a promontory of a prodigious height, which gave us a sweat to some purpose; the narrowness of the passage, though made more safe than formerly, as it might strike a terror, so its prospect was someway pleasing, to behold so vast a space on the ocean, and contemplate the wonders of the Almighty on the deep. With greater joy we descended the hill, or rather a number of them contained on the large extent, as it were, like the Alps in France; but greater still, to find a house of good entertainment subsiding near the bottom thereof: there taking refreshment, there luckily passed by some carmen with horses not over loaden, who, for four shillings or thereabouts, carried me and my goods to West Chester; and I must confess, the poor honest Welshmen took great care of me, so that we had a hearty drink at parting.

I left my friend as a journeyman to Mr. Cook, the printer, (who had bought the materials of the executors of the late Mr. Ince,) and arriving at London, I applied myself again to Mr. Watts, who readily employed me; but at a new lodging, near Long Acre, through carelessness of the landlady laying wet sheets on the bed, I had such a terrible night, with pain all over me, that, what with the sweat of my body, and the dampness through moisture, the sheets were as wet as if newly washed in the Thames; for my part, I could scarcely walk to the printing house, and when I came there, my ghastly appearance made the men desire me to return, for I was more fit for my bed than to work; but when I desired them to let me stay, and told what I thought was the reason, they cursed my kind hostess: when I returned at night I found her drying the sheets,—she was sorry for what happened, and ever after took special care of my safety.

After all, that I had undergone, I must confess, I thought were but my just deserts for being so long absent from my dear, and yet I could not well help it. I had a little money, it is very true, but no certain home wherein to invite her. I knew she was well fixed; and

it pierced me to the very heart to think if, through any miscarriage or misfortune, I should alter her condition for the worse instead of the better; upon this account my letters to her at that time was not so amorously obliging as they ought to have been from a sincere lover, by which she had reason, however she might have been mistaken, to think that I had failed in my part of those tender engagements which had passed between us. But to proceed in my long narrative.

My friend and fellow-traveller, Mr. Campbell, coming from Chester to London, got into the same house with me, when there happened an affair, soon after that, which entirely lost me that place. Near the office, it happened, that Mr. Francis Clifton, who had a liberal education at Oxford, but proved a Roman Catholic, had set up a press, and printed a newspaper. His journeyman sickening, he was in great distress for a hand; so hearing of me and others, we were sent for to an alehouse, where, opening his want, I ventured to assist him for a day or two. But this being discovered, was very ill interpreted, and Mr. Clifton offering me largely, though himself was in poor circumstances, made me resolve entirely to take my chance in his



affairs; and so I did in that kind manner that, upon his being arrested for debt, I attended him while under custody of one Earle, so named, a rascally and cruel bailiff, to get out of whose clutches, I paid the money, without expecting any interest, and only took, as security, some furniture he could spare for my lodging.

The usage he received whilst in hold, gave me such a horrid distaste to that sort of vermin, that I never cared to have the least society with them; for scarce one action was cleared, but another was ready to be clapped on, and a follower sent about to the creditors to prepare fresh ones. But Mr. Clifton had not been long delivered when he became apprehensive that an extent was designed to be levelled from powerful enemies; to shun the merciless effects of which, he moved his goods into the liberty of the Fleet, and there became entered as a prisoner. Here an old Yorkshire gentlewoman who lived in St. John's street, let him have whatever he wanted; the Catholics often relieved him; and he was equally as ready to oblige them in his publications. He paid me honestly almost every week, as my constancy and labour deserved. Some time, in extreme weather, have I worked under a mean shed, adjoining to

the prison wall, when snow and rain have fallen alternately on the cases; yet the number of wide-mouthed stentorian hawkers, brisk trade, and very often a glass of good ale, revived the drooping spirits of me and other workmen. I have often admired at the success of this person in his station; for, whether through pity of mankind, or the immediate hand of Divine Providence to his family, advantageous jobs so often flowed upon him, as gave him cause to be merry under his heavy misfortunes. I remember once a piece of work came in from a reverend bishop, whose pen was employed in vindicating the reputation of Mr. Ken—sley, an honest clergyman, who was committed to the King's Bench prison, through an action of scandalum magnatum, though many thought the truth was, he had only hinted in private to a certain noble an heinous crime, that once brought down fire from heaven, and which was revealed to him by a valet de chambre upon a bed of sickness, when in a state of repentance. And, though I composed the letters, and think, if my memory does not fail me, that I helped to work the matter off at press, too, yet I was not permitted to know who was the author thereof but, however, when finished, the papers were packed

up, and delivered to my care; and the same night, my master hiring a coach, we were driven to Westminster, where we entered into a large sort of monastic building.

Soon were we ushered into a spacious hall, where we sat near a large table, covered with an ancient carpet of curious work, and whereon was soon laid a bottle of wine for our entertainment. In a little time, we were visited by a grave gentleman in a black lay habit, who entertained us with one pleasant discourse or other. He bid us be secret; “for,” said he, “the imprisoned divine does not know who is his defender; if he did, I know his temper: in a sort of transport he would reveal it, and so I should be blamed for my good office; and, whether his intention was designed to show his gratitude, yet if a man is hurt by a friend, the damage is the same as if done by an enemy; to prevent which, is the reason I desire this concealment.” “You need not fear me, sir,” said my master; “and I, good sir,” added I, “you may be less afraid of; for I protest I do not know where I am, much less your person; nor heard where I should be driven, or if I shall not be drove to Jerusalem before I get home again; nay, I shall forget I ever did the job by tomorrow; and, consequently,



shall never answer any questions about it, if demanded. Yet, sir, I shall secretly remember your generosity, and drink to your health with this brimful glass.” Thereupon, this set them both a laughing; and truly I was got merrily tipsy, so merry, that I hardly knew how I was driven homewards. For my part, I was ever inclined to secrecy and fidelity; and, therefore, I was nowise inquisitive concerning our hospitable entertainer; yet I thought the imprisoned clergyman was happy, though he knew it not, in having so illustrious a friend, who privately strove for his releasement. But, happening afterwards to behold a state prisoner in a coach, guarded from Westminster to the tower, God bless me, thought I, it was no less than the Bishop of Rochester, Dr. Atterbury, by whom my master and I had been treated! Then came to my mind his every feature, but then altered through indisposition, and grief for being under royal displeasure. Though I never approved the least thing whereby a man might be attainted, yet I generally had compassion for the unfortunate; I was more confirmed it was he, because I heard some people say at that visit, that we were got into the Dean’s yard; and, consequently, it was his house, though I then did



not know it; but afterwards learned that the Bishop of Rochester was always Dean of Westminster. I thanked God from my heart, that we had done nothing of offence, at that time, on any political account; a thing that produces such direful consequences.

During my stay with Mr. Clifton, which, without my design, drew many of Mr. Midwinter's customers from him, I was often solicited by the latter to return again, and he would allow the same premium as the former did, of twenty shillings per week. But not only was I afraid of an inducement to beguile me, and so turn me out, destitute of a friend, when his turn was again served, but also could not be without a just reprehension of acting a very dishonourable part, in causelessly leaving a person who had not, as yet, given me the least reason for separation.

Madam Midwinter did often desire that I should return again to their service; and, for that purpose, sent Mr. Robert Turner, who was formerly my fellow-apprentice. But that awful reverence I knew I should be obliged to submit to, the fear of an alteration in their tempers, or that I should offend them so as to feel their displeasure, as I had done before, made me

resolve to keep, as long as I could, where I seemed to be more steadily settled. Thus our affairs continued, both persons opposing each other; of which there happened this year, 1719, an unhappy occasion, through the execution of Mr. John Matthews, a young printer, for no less than high treason. I think, eleven of the judges were upon the bench at his trial; his own brother, happening to be in the court, proved his handwriting, as others did of his printing a work, called "*Vox Populi, Vox Dei.*" I beheld him drawn on a sledge, as I stood near St. Sepulchre's church; his clothes were exceeding neat, the lining of his coat a rich Persian silk, and every other thing as befitted a gentleman. I was told he talked, like a philosopher, of death, to some young ladies, who came to take their farewell, and suffered with a perfect resignation. He was the son of an eminent printer in Tower-ditch, who died about three years before: and his body, through favor of the government, his corpse unquartered, was laid in the church of St. Botolph, near Aldersgate. One Vesey, a journeyman, who was principal evidence against him, did not long survive the youth; at his burial, in an obscure part of Islington church-yard,

many of the printers' boys, who run of errands, called devils, made a noise like such, with their ball stocks, carried thither for that purpose; the minister was much interrupted thereby in the burial service, and shameful indignities were committed at the grave. But these indignities being taken notice of, what printers had been at Islington that day, had their names sent off to the courts at Westminster, where it cost their pockets pretty well before their persons were discharged from trouble. Happily I was informed, at Wood's close, of the intended procession; but desirous to be out of harm's way, I shunned the crew of demons, with their incendiaries to a mischief, and took another contrary way.

But, after some months, I went to the same town of Islington upon a very dutiful occasion, inspired with pure gratitude in memory to her, whom I shall remember whilst the sense of thought remains within me. 'Twas occasioned by the much lamented death of Mrs. Elizabeth Midwinter,\* who departed this mortal life on Wednesday, February 10th, 17<sup>19</sup><sub>20</sub>. Indeed, considering

\* Interred in Islington, near the steeple, on Sunday the 14th.—T. G.

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her former goodness, though it was sometimes mixed with severity, when she pleased to chastise her children and servants when she thought them deserving of punishment, yet being tempered with quick reconciliation, many times with presents, that overbalanced our light sufferings.

I was resolved to attend at her funeral though uninvited, were I obliged even to walk on foot ten miles from London. I procured a lock of her hair, which I intended to have curiously set in a neat stone ring, and so have worn it as a dear memorial. Her body, within a fine coffin covered with black cloth, was respectfully placed in a hearse, attended by her spouse in a mourning coach, by himself, who was followed by two or three more, filled with relations or friends. Arriving at the parish-church of Islington whilst the office for the dead was reading, many tears were shed, particularly by a fellow-servant, accompanied with mine, with the greatest sincerity, I am sure, for my own part. People of whom she had taken country lodgings in that town, and others, were not wanting in tender respect towards her. She was deposited on the west side of the churchyard, near her first husband, Mr.



James Walker; and when the minister had ended this mournful solemnity, and the company departed, I concluded, upon a tombstone adjacent to her remains, the following

## E P I T A P H.

Lo! underneath this heap of mould,  
My mistress dear is laid;  
A wife, none better could behold,  
None chaster when a maid.

Weep, passenger, when you pass by  
This little space of earth;  
And think the same death you and I  
Must pay, with loss of breath.

In certain hope to rise again,  
'Tis here her body lies,  
'Till it ascends, with Christ to reign  
In Heaven, above the skies.

So, reader, meditate your state,  
And let your thoughts prepare  
To meet, with solid joys complete,  
Your Saviour in the air.

My behaviour whilst attending her funeral, did not pass unobserved by Mr. Midwinter, or his friends; he sent for me that night, and would fain have persuaded me to have given lawful warning to Mr. Clifton, and come to him. He told me that his daughter-in-law's unhappy marriage with a mean fellow had gone a great way to break the heart of his late spouse. He now urged his heavy grief and great distress; how honourable it would be to me, and acceptable to him, if I would but comply, or if not, to do it as soon as I could with convenience. Thus knowing the impetuosity of his desires, I soothed him as much as I could with obliging words; but inwardly was resolved to keep my station, till I had a juster reason than an invitation, which I thought, as before, somewhat precarious; though I judged wrong, I need must confess, as by what hereafter will appear. Nay, such was my strong attachment, that it made me also resist the arguments of some of the profession, against working for such a foreigner as Mr. Clifton was styled, and, as it were, slight that imminent danger which my master had vainly brought upon the family and particularly touched himself, for bold touches on political affairs.

Thus estranged, from certain hopes of quietude, I so continued for several months; in which time, I confess, I was willing to part from him, if I could gain his consent. But his averseness was beyond measure, even when I told him I could procure him a servant equal, if not superior, to me. His temper was very obstinate in relation, but this I looked upon as proceeding from respect and impartiality, though I afterwards found the contrary from him. As he had a desire for those goods that were in my hands, I let him have them without a penny interest; and thought it a particular satisfaction that I was able to relieve him in his extremity. He had, besides, obliged me in printing a little book I wrote, intitled, "Teague's Ramble," a satire I had written on some of our profession, who richly deserved for their unmerciful usage to me and others, their fellow-creatures; wherein only the guilty were made to feel its sting, and the innocent commended. But, at length, an accident happening, and the strange violence of his temper therein, (contrary to the sentiment of the comic poet,) to preserve his reputation against the vile assault of a recorded villain that could not hurt it, caused a final separation, and a thorough annihilation of friend-

ship; which, God knows, at least I think, I had never given the least occasion for. The matter was thus: There lived then a common hackney writer, named Richard Burridge, who sold written pamphlets, for about half-a-crown each, to the printers. This man I had known from the beginning of my apprenticeship at London; for my master used to send me to him, in Newgate, for copies: whether, at that time, he was confined there for debt, or for writing a burlesque, called "The Dutch Catechism," I will not positively affirm; but, to me, he appeared a cursing, profligate wretch, as any of his fraternity in that woful prison. He, afterwards, was released; but, in a little time, came to be immured, for debt, I think, within the Gate house, at Westminster. So that it being too long a walk, and Mrs. Midwinter being fully satisfied with my genius at the pen, obliged me, in my apprenticeship, to turn author for them too; in which office, my harmless style in relating occurrences that daily happened, proved very acceptable to the public. This was not pleasing to Burridge, no more than he himself became agreeable to human and divine laws; for, whilst drinking Geneva to excess, he would frequently quarrel with the other prisoners; and



one time, in company with George Taylor, he drank such healths, in a blasphemous manner, that I almost think are too nefarious to be repeated, though in pious detestation thereof. But, by what they said, 'twas plain they owned the power of Beelzebub as their master, against divine omnipotency, to whom they wished confusion! and, to the souls of the departed, horrid condemnation at the resurrection! words, that in some places would have brought them to the flames, as diabolical testimonies of wickedness. It was thought by some, that this their infernal policy was thus wickedly exhibited to get free of that prison, and to obtain a hole in Newgate, which they might think more proper for their interest. Whether themselves thought so or not, it proved, however, true; for they were moved thither by virtue of habeas corpus, tried at the Old Bailey, ordered to be pilloried; and I once saw them exalted without Temple bar. They had gotten skullcaps made of printing balls, stuffed with wool, which I was desired to carry to them, but these proved but weak helmets to avoid the eggs and stones that were made to fly at them by the furious mob, who had almost knocked out one of Burridge's eyes, who was thought

the greatest villain of the two: but, with the other, he deeply marked the person whom he thought had hit such an unlucky blow; so that, when he came down, he drew out his penknife, strove to make up to the youth he mistrusted; and, I believe, would have stabbed him to the heart, were it not for the interposition of the attending officers of justice. Afterwards, he wrote a book, called "*Religio Libertini*," giving an account of his past life, humbly desiring pardon of God and man, and professing that, from an atheist, he was become a convert. People who did know him were deceived, and likewise those who had given him good advice; so that, what was said by the poet, of such who endeavoured to wash the Ethiopian, might have been applied:

*"Abluis Æthiopem, quid frustra? ah, desine; noctis*

*"Illustrare nigræ nemo potest tenebras:"*

for the same Burridge afterwards stole a book of mine from out of Mr. Midwinter's printing house; and I lamenting and telling whom I suspected, he so taxed the fellow with it, that he brought it back to me, and said he only took it in jest, and designed to return it when he had read the Epicurean philosophy contained

therein. My easy temper went so far as to believe him still a convert: but my opinion changed when invited to our weigh-goose; he following the course of a disloyal health, I scorned to pledge the monster, to the great offence of the company; but giving them the reason, that I had lately taken allegiance to King George, on my commencing citizen of London, and that I should abide by my principle, without concerning myself about what they did, they appeared easy; otherwise, I believe I should have been basely treated, only that my master told them, if they hurt me, they would deprive him of his best servant. Besides, in truth, I judged it very dangerous to pledge one, on such an occasion, who, without the least remorse, had shot his blasphemous speeches against Heaven to such an high degree as I have mentioned; a wretch who valued not, for his ends, to turn informer against even those he had a hand in corrupting. However, neither Mr. Clifton or I were shortened as to our kindness towards this unworthy scribbler; supplying him not only with money, but even necessaries of life, till the following piece of villany set us for ever against him in our defence.

Burridge having sold a copy to Mr. Clifton, likewise disposed of a transcript of the same to another printer, which is very unfair dealing, as it was done without consent, in a private manner; for there should be no more proprietors but the first, to whom it is disposed, since he that is first published will render the other's endeavours of none effect, but rather a great loss to one of them that is so deceived. And now, as Kingston assizes was approaching, my master would not trust him on another account, lest, in a careless manner, he should take the trials so as not to be acceptable to the public; therefore, by him, and the family, it was resolved that I should be sent on Saturday, when judge Eyre was to enter into that town. I had not been long there before I perceived him, attended with a numerous company of gentlemen, and others, who, either in respect or curiosity, besides business, compose such like grand appearances; whilst, on the other hand, the poor creatures, either through crimes or misfortunes, turn to our view the different scenes of infelicity and misery.

I heard the trial of one Carrick, a young man who looked like a subaltern officer, for killing one of his companions, at which a soldier standing by, said he



deserved to be hanged: he came off with “guilty of manslaughter,” but was afterwards executed at Tyburn, for a robbery of Squire Young, in Lincoln’s Inn Fields. I took notice of a very pretty young damsel, of the town of Dorking, in Surrey, who had unhappily given a lad a blow or two in a ditch, where she had followed him, of which, it was presumed, he sickened and died; but she was cleared, as having no intention of his death. There was also tried Mr. Reeves, whose wife kept an haberdasher’s shop on the Strand, while he, with one Ryley, an Irishman, were unlawful collectors on the highway. Never did I hear a person plead for his life with greater argument or eloquence: he got clear of about three indictments, though one swore he had met him disguised in a minister’s gown and cassock; and I well knew, by sight, the gentleman he borrowed them of, near St. Bartholomew close, after he had escaped from jail, who was taken up and put there in his room, and irons put upon him: which so affected the good clergyman, that though his innocence soon cleared him, he died with grief, at the very thoughts of the scandal that had been thrown upon him. But at last, a gentleman, who had been robbed of about seventy pounds,

and knew him, by the crape mufflers being blown from his face, swore so positively that he was the very man that took it from him, when he could ill spare it from his family, that the jury could do no less than find him guilty, and, according to his sentence for death, he suffered with resignation: it was a pity a man, who understood the French and other tongues so well as he did, had not taken to good ways, whereby he might have been an ornament to his country. Another trial was of a wretched sexton, (who seems to have been imitated lately by one Burton, a glazier, in York,) for stealing dead bodies out of their graves, and selling them, as represented in the Beggar's Opera, to those fleaing rascals, the surgeons: but he was cleared of the new indictment, in consideration that he had already suffered a year's imprisonment on former accusations of the like nature. But a poor old man being brought to the bar for sheep stealing, loaded with age and infirmities, was as moving a spectacle as could demand compassion: weeping and trembling, he was led to the bar, craving mercy, saying it was his first crime, and that, if he was pardoned, he would not do so any more. It was so brought in, that the judge ordered him a smart whip-

ping, but not with too much severity, and immediately after to be discharged, in consideration of his poverty. But a man, who had been a builder, had passed through several offices in the parish, was sentenced to be transported, because, having an house to repair for another, and there being goods locked up in one particular room, he and his servants mistook them for their own, and disposed of them to make themselves merry: but I believe this judgment was in terrorem to others, lest they should happen to commit the like mistake, for I never heard that the prisoner was sent beyond sea. These, and other trials, too many to enumerate here, I carefully wrote down, and sent to Mr. Clifton, then in the Old Bailey, who took care to get them composed, till I should return with their determinate acquittals, or condemnations.

Whilst from the court, I had leisure time to take notice of the antiquity of the town—so called from an ancient royal castle, which had been the residence of the Saxon kings, and where the two Ethelreds, Athelstane, Edwin, and Edward the Martyr, had their coronation; for several of their pictures, as also that of King John, are in the church, as benefactors. Abun-

dance of pretty epitaphs ornament the stone pavement, one of which I particularly took notice of, was that of a pious young lady.

But one morning, rising very early, I passed over its stately bridge with twenty arches; and being told his lordship would not be very early that morning on trials, I was resolved to see Hampton Court. Never had I a pleasanter walk, of about two or three miles, between such lofty trees on each side of the road, while the birds were singing their early matins, and every natural production looked with a solemn majesty, as became the work of the divine Creator of the universe; but art shone with a surprising perfection whilst I viewed the three grand areas of that illustrious palace, the noble staircases, the lofty stately pillars leading to the park, near the pleasant banks of the river Thames, that I thought myself blessed within a terrestrial paradise; neither did the stream, when all was over, afford me less entertainment, whilst I returned in a large boat, with several others, towards London: the shores on each side being adorned with fair towns, with adjacent gardens, such as Richmond, Brentford, Thistleworth, and other delightful views, as were sufficient to melt or



raise the soul into various extacies or raptures; from contemplation of which, I am sorry to return to talk of the rogue who occasioned this excursion.

I had not been, I think, above two days at London after this journey and voyage, and happening to stand at Mr. Clifton's door, but up comes Burridge, and called me many abusive names, telling me I had taken his property from him, and without much more formality, I suppose through a previous knavish design, struck me over the face. I could do no less, I thought, than defend myself, by kicking up his heels, and laying him upon his back, just before the gate of Black and White court, in the Old Bailey; and for all his repeated blows, methinks I should have dealt pretty even with him, if my master had not come out of the house, to whom he had the greatest malice, for then he left me, and I went in; but he flew directly at Mr. Clifton, who laid him sprawling in the middle of the kennel, and then came in likewise. The villain, quick at revenge, first broke the windows; and then, in his mad fit, went directly to Sir William Withers, and unjustly swore that we had robbed him of half-a-guinea in the king's highway, or open street, at four o'clock in the afternoon:

whereas, I never saw a piece of gold with the fellow in my life, but, on the contrary, had often relieved him, as I wrote before. But the magistrate, who was suspicious that what he said was through malice, was very unwilling to grant such a warrant, till he violently insisted upon it; and then he went about vapouring that as for him, he did not value his own reputation, but as he knew we did ours, he would take it from us, by sending us to jail, which then neither he would not do, till the near approaching sessions was just past, that so we might have the longer confinement before the succeeding meeting of the court. This I was acquainted of, by Mr. Pollington, an Exeter gentleman; upon which, I went to Sir William Withers, and when I told him the whole affair, to which he gave most serious attention: "Young man," said he, "I thought, indeed, that the fellow was a mere villain, by his words and actions; and by your coming to me, whom he has sworn against, I take you to be an honest person, and therefore wont secure you, which I might, if I pleased; and if he should get the constable to serve my warrant, though I cannot free you from prison, yet I shall be your friend so much as to acquaint the court with your

behaviour." So I parted, between joy and sorrow; for as I did not care to be falsely imprisoned on a rogue's account, if I could avoid it, I got some of my friends to argue with the wretch himself; nay, his wife and children cried "Don't hurt poor young Mr. Gent, whatever you do with Clifton," they so wrought with the fellow, who, knowing his guilt, was for letting all cease, if Mr. Clifton would do so too. But far from that, Mr. Clifton insisted to have his character openly justified, and, arresting him for breaking the windows, Burridge was sent to the Compter.

Upon this, I represented to Mr. Clifton, that the oath of a villain could never affect his character, but imprisonment, though innocent, might hurt it, and mine, on whom my daily bread depended; for malicious persons would never then want matter of reproach when they were evil-minded: if, as a master, he was above the frowns of fortune himself, I besought him to consider me, and my friends, who would be much afflicted by such a report; that the trouble and expense would be great on our side, and would be nothing to him, who had neither money nor reputation to lose; and that if he would not oblige me so far, since I was sure I could

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make all envy cease, he must not wonder if he had obliged me to seek peace in another place, where I could find it. I could not help bursting into tears at our condition; but all was in vain,—he would scarcely listen to me; and a little after, Burridge, though in prison, got the warrant served upon Mr. Clifton, stuck to his false oath, and sent him to Newgate, whilst I was obliged to keep awhile concealed.

My neighbours and friends knowing that, if I was taken, I must have been committed also, they thought it pity that I should suffer through the villainy of one, or the folly of the other; I visited the pleasant country towns, taking a useful book or two for my comforters, when I fetched many a melancholy sigh; and when I returned, used to amuse my spirit with the antiquities of Westminster abbey.

I received a letter from Mr. Clifton, to visit him in his confinement; but as I heard he was enraged that the warrant had not reached me to bear him company, I had the less reason to trust myself to a man of so ungovernable a temper, who thought his opinion was always to be preferred. I then considered the axiom, “Non fidendum iis, qui impetu voluntatis, non ratione



feruntur," and he seemed to be one of those whose will would grasp at more power than reason sometimes allowed; besides, I did not care to come to a jail governed by keepers little inferior to so many infernal devils, who, like Democritus's head on a mopstick, were laughing at the miseries of mankind, living by the crimes, and, too often, the deplorable misfortunes of others. Whilst I remained in this melancholy condition, Mr. Midwinter set on some persons to find my retirement, and to persuade me now to leave Mr. Clifton; who accordingly represented to me, that he deserved it for his obstinacy, and for his desire to have me in prison with him; that I could never expect to live safe with such a man hereafter, who taxed me with ingratitude for deserting him, when, with greater reason, that bad vice might have been applied to him; that I should have eight weeks' payment beforehand, for working so long a time, which would be some comfort, though a future disagreement should happen, which should not be Mr. Midwinter's fault, and hoped it would not be my own.

These pressing reasons, added to my distress, prevailed with me to comply; and then it was I became

loaded with reproaches from Mr. Clifton and his friends. God knows if I deserved them, for I am not my own judge in that case; but many said that I chose the better way in such a dilemma. Still I escaped the warrant, though sought after as if I had really been a highwayman. But the sessions being come, as Mr. Clifton was brought to the bar, the court (who well knew the vile character of the prosecutor,) smiled upon the prisoner; and the learned judge, having heard of the villain's malice, seemed angry that such a cause should be brought before the bench, commanding immediately that Mr. Clifton should be set at liberty; by which judgment I became released from any apprehension on account of the warrant. Nor was it long before Burridge, by some flaw he found, or advantage taken, by omission in the law, got clear of his imprisonment for breaking the windows; so, being equally malicious, they were thought the fittest persons to deal with one another. But my greatest friend was Mr. James Read, a worthy master printer, who, in a manner, obliged Burridge to forbear hurting of me, however he used his mortal adversary, Mr. Clifton, who was ill respected; and, indeed, I soon after found, that the latter deserved

the usage, in part, that he had received; for it was contrived, that some of his friends should get into my company, and, to extort money, draw words from me that might bring me under the lash of the law, though they perjured themselves by this combination.

When they could not get their vile ends as they would of me, a Scotch rascal, with a vile harlot, and himself, heinously contrived to terrify me, by asserting I had abused their characters, which, truly, then was not worth mentioning; aye, and revenge they would have, if they ransacked the common law and ecclesiastical court for justice; and to such an amazing height of impudence and nonsense were they grown, that they abused me in the open streets. But I, bearing their vile usage with utter silence, and yet resolving to spend the last farthing in my just vindication, they never durst attack me, fearing I might bring them to open shame.

Afterwards, the same Clifton proved himself a villain, in moving off to France with the money of a brewer, to whom he was steward, and left his bondsmen to answer for what damage he had done thereby. There he died, but his family returned to London; and his

son, I believe, though he did not discover himself, visited me, as a wretched traveller, at York, some years after, whom I kindly entertained, as my general custom is to strangers. I continued with Mr. Midwinter, happy enough, till such time that he was resolved to marry again: his choice was of Mrs. Elizabeth Norris, a young widow, daughter of Mr. Thomas Norris, a very rich bookseller, on London Bridge, whose country seat was at Holloway, about a short mile from Islington. Mrs. Ann Desternell,\* a poetess, used to carry his letters, under pretext of being a customer.

His presents were extraordinary, as I heard, proportionable to his expectations: he presented her with a fine necklace, worth thirty pounds; and so much got the master of her affections, that she resolved, at all hazards, to be married to him, though her father was rather against it, but, being his only child, and fearing her loss, would not lay any absolute commands upon her; in short, she obtained her desire, and our new mistress was brought home, who, indeed, was a very meek, goodnatured gentlewoman. Both the dwelling-

\* She died in childbed about the year 1725.—T. G.



house and printing-office, in Pye Corner, were made larger, by addition of the next tenements thereto; and a lease being granted, my master, at his own expense, had employed workmen, in a manner, to metamorphose the whole. They told him, at first, a less charge, by half, than what they wrote in their bills; and I know not how, from being thought rich a little before their courtship, there suddenly appeared a visible alteration to the contrary. I was much grieved thereat, and fain would have gotten another place, as thinking my wages were too extraordinary for him to pay; and I ever was for having Good hands, good hire; neither more nor less than what I honestly had earned, which would be good both to master and man. But while I was in this tottering condition, I was sent for by a young man, of late married to a widow, to the Fortune of War ale-house, near the entrance into West Smithfield; and being seated, he told me, he was sure that I was a kinsman of his, for he had often inquired for me amongst the sadlers, thinking I had been one, as my father was, but happily heard, by a lodger of his, one Mrs. Mickle, that I was a printer, for her husband had been fellow-workman with me at York. He also declared that his

name was Thomas Gent, as well as mine; that his own father, Ralph, once a creditable baker at Uttoxeter, came up to London after his mother deceased, and died at his house, the sign of the Unicorn, in Kent street, Southwark; was own brother to my dear father in Ireland, who, long since, had visited his English relations, with his daughter, Rebekah; and giving other plain testimonies, desired me to write to my dear father, if it was not true. I was very glad to see him, believed what he said authentic, because Mr. Mickle, then dead, had been my fellow-workman at York, and an honest Scot he was, if ever there was such; and when I wrote to my dear father of these things, he answered he was sufficiently satisfied that I might own him for my kinsman. Accordingly, I often visited Southwark; and his spouse, he, and I, respected one another as kindred.

A little after, I happened to take lodgings at a widow woman's house, opposite Sea Cole lane; there I had a bed to myself, because I never cared, after my 'prenticeship was expired, to lie with any man whatever. The landlady, it seems, made a journeyman barber in the place to lie in another room, that I might have a little one fitting for me, which I knew nothing of, or had any

desire after what was another's property. The fellow owed me a grudge, however; and the old jade, I believe, was a very wicked woman, as may appear, by the danger that I fell into. It happened, that one Sunday, being invited to dine with Mr. Dodd, a master printer, (whose wife, the daughter of Mr. Bliss, from Exeter, I knew before he married her,) I was shewn, afterwards, the beauties of his house, and turning the last stairs, which went a different way from the rest, and not minding them, through talk of the pictures on the staircase, I fell slanting over the bannister to the bottom, and bruised my side in a very sad manner. I soon, upon that accident, took my leave, and went from thence, which was opposite the ancient palace of St. Bride's Well, to a brandy shop, near the stairs ascending to the Black Fryars, where, in as proper spiritual liquor as they gave me, I pretty well bathed myself, and then went to tell the misfortune to my kinsman and his spouse. At night, as I returned by water, I had scarce landed from one boat, but a person was brought in another, who had been taken out of the river, where he was cast by the oversetting of one of those vessels, by which his companion was drowned, and the waterman

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had swam to shore. "Lord! thy name be praised," said I, privately, "that through thy providence I am yet preserved, though worthy, for my omissions, to be punished with thy heavy displeasure!"

Coming to my lodgings, who should I see, but my landlady and the said barber drinking Geneva, or drams, together, which I did not know, till then, she had sold: the fellow asked me how I did, and if I would keep them company, but I innocently told them my misfortune, got a candle, and so went to bed. I had scarce got between the sheets, but the rogue came up, and whilst he was bursting open the door, I slipt out, and stood on one side in the dark, trembling, whilst he struck violently against the boards at the bed's head: the cowardly scoundrel, for aught I know, designed to ruin me, and took the advantage by my illness; but as I was escaping down stairs, he got hold of me, at which, finding my life was at stake, I fell furiously at him, and brought him down to the lowest room. The hussey, taking his part, would have had me up again, but calling a watchman, I would not return, but lay in her bed, while she ascended with the villain. In the morning, I ordered my trunk to be carried away: and, by ten



o'clock, she waited on me at the printing office, to excuse the matter; she offered to fall on her knees, to beg pardon for herself and the fellow, knowing that if I had caught him by a constable, I might have sent him to Newgate; but her crocodile tears proved vain; I paid the wretch what I owed. She lost a good lodger; and that day, or next, I purchased a bed, which cost me forty shillings, with a chair, table, candlestick, earthenware, and other little necessities, till, by degrees, I had many pretty things to fill a larger room than what I had taken from Mr. Franklin, watchmaker, in Fleet lane; and found great comfort that I could live as I pleased, whilst master of my own habitation.

Happening, at a lucky time, to meet my old friend, Mr. Evan Ellis, who printed the bellman's verses at Christmas, for which, sometimes, I had the honour of being the poet, and used to get heartily treated: "Tommy," said he, "I am persuaded that, some time or other, you'll set up a press in the country, where, I believe, you have a pretty northern lass at heart; and, as I believe you save money, and can spare it, I can help you to a good pennyworth, preparatory to your design." Accordingly, they proved to be some founts

of letters that Mr. Mist designed for the furnace, of which I bought a considerable quantity: that gentleman using me very courteously, in regard of a paper I wrote, which was printed and sold, concerning his misfortunes whilst under the government's displeasure, before his news became, as it were, lost in a Fog.\* For, as I treated his moral character with great tenderness, as indeed he deserved, so he was now pleased to remember it, in a very kind manner, in the price that he set me to give for them. Some time after, I purchased a fount of Pica, almost new, of the widow Bodingham, resolving to venture in the world with my dearest, who, at first, gave me encouragement; but my purse being much exhausted by these two purchases, I still worked on for further supplies: after which, I bought my little press, with which I did, now and then, a job of my own, for diversion, though these preparations, I found, were not very pleasing to Mr. Midwinter, which were not bought with a design to hurt him; but it was purely the effect of Providence, that seemed to push me forward in this continually transient life. Having a promise of

\* That is, Mist's journal was after called "Fog's."—T. G.

business from a bookseller, when I did set up entirely, I bought of Mr. James a new fount of Small Pica, which cost, one time or other, above twenty pounds, and several other materials, of various people, till my stock became much enlarged: but still I worked with Mr. Midwinter.

I hope it will not seem downright enthusiasm if I mention a strange dream that I had one night: it was, that being seized by some men, I was conducted by them to a small room, shaped like an oblong, at one end of which seemed a smoky hole, wherein they told me was hell itself, but that they had not commission to put me therein. I desired to peep if I could spy Elysium, but thought I perceived nothing but vapours and flames mingle together; that then I was taken into another apartment, rather larger, where they consulted awhile: and then they locked me in a third, as though I was, by its awful gloominess, to prepare for death, where were a bed, chair, table, book, and candle. Being left here to meditate, as I thought, the face of a fine grey haired old man, I remember, much like a grandfather of mine, appeared on the wall, with his eyes moving, that I was satisfied could be no image or pic-

ture; that, in amazement, I took the courage to ask, Why he seemed to visit me in that melancholy situation? “He answered, ’Twas through Almighty goodness and power.” “If so,” said I, “I pray you then assist me:” at which, smiling, he seemed to vanish in a gliding manner; and I awoke, much surprised, about the dead-time of the night. I slept little after, till towards the morning, and the clock struck seven before I awakened, when, rising, I went to work; but about ten, a deep oppression seized my spirits, and my body was affected with an unusual trembling. I left the printing office, and returned to my lodgings, where, complaining to my neighbour, I was advised to take something that might make me sweat; and telling them my dream, “I pray God,” said Mr. Parry to his spouse, “that nothing soon befalls the poor young man, for I do not like it.”

When I went to bed, and they concluded I was warm, they sent what they had prepared I should take, by their young daughter, of about eleven years of age: after I had supped it, the child locked the door, and returned to her parents. I was blessed with fine slumbers till, about one or two o’clock in the morning, I was alarmed by a strange thundering noise at the door.



I asked who was there; and what they would have? They answered they must and would come in; and, without assigning any other reason, they violently burst open the door. Being undrest, and all over in a sweat, in miserable pain, I looked in a woful condition; when Mr. Crawford, one of the king's messengers, took hold of my hands, and seized a pretty pistol that lay near me, a pair of which I had procured, from Holland, as a defence against thieves or housebreakers, which was never after returned me: but the insolence of Kent, his companion, I could scarce bear, when, helping on my clothes, he went to search my pockets for what written papers he could find therein. I called him blockhead, and told him, had I been in another condition, I might, perhaps, have laid him by the heels; at which he scornfully said, he never should fear a ghost, intimating that I seemed little better than a spirit at that time. Being obliged to submit, I only besought them to let me know if their warrant specified any crime that I had done, for I was truly insensible of any that could occasion such usage? They then told me of an information lodged at the Secretary's office, before Mr. De la Faye, about some lines concerning the imprisoned Bishop of

Rochester, that had given offence, and which I should be, in time, made sensible of; but as I knew it was a notorious falsity, and, as I thought, contrived by some wicked enemy, whom I partly guessed, I insisted no further, only desired, whilst I was fully dressing myself, that, as they beheld me defenceless, without a family to look after my effects, they would be so good as to see the door fastened which they had broken, so that I might not be robbed, during my confinement, of what I had so honestly and painfully earned. This, indeed, they complied with, and descending the stairs with them, I found the passages below and the court-yard filled to the very gate with constables, watchmen, and others, which called to my remembrance my injured Saviour's apprehension in the garden of Gethsemane, where He, all innocence and divine, sweat drops of blood; but I, a poor sinful wretch, thought much, at this time, to feel what only seemed like water. They made me get into a coach, which they ordered to drive towards Newgate; and coming near St. Sepulchre's church, I was brought to the pavement on the east side, into a public-house, and placed in a room with a guard

at the door, so that I could not stir, but I was carefully attended by a grim-looking, illnatured fellow.

My pains came to that extremity, that I was obliged to alleviate them with a quartern of brandy; after which, I was amazed to find my master, Mr. Midwinter, brought in as a prisoner, and left with me also. "What, sir," said I, "have they made me appear greater than you, by placing me first in the warrant for our apprehension? me, who am but your servant, and, you know, has wrote nothing for you this long time, except an abridgment of three volumes of 'Crusoe' into one, or being otherwise employed in the affairs of printing only?" But we had not long communed, before others were brought in, and who, amongst the rest, but my beloved friend, Mr. Clifton, also! upon which, I observed a profound silence. But when we were to be carried to Westminster, I besought the messenger that I might not be seated in the same coach with him, but accompany Mr. Midwinter, which he granted.

At length we arrived at Manchester court, where we found a very fine house, with a centinel at the door; but within, though very spacious, we felt the fusty

smell of a prison. When I came into my apartment, it answered exactly, in the bigness and form, to that I had imagined in my dream: in the morning, I viewed on the staircase a fine picture of St. Augustine, which, I judged, had once been the property of some state prisoner; I could, from the high window, behold the spacious river Thames, and hear the dashing of the flowing waters against the walls that kept it within due bounds. Such a pleasant prospect appeared from my humble back apartment, where I had a bed without curtains, a table, with a little looking-glass, and a chair to sit on; but in the next room, forward, was confined that unhappy young Irish clergyman, Mr. Neypoe: unhappy gentleman indeed! through the reflections of the Bishop of Rochester, (how deserving I cannot tell,) as well as of the noted Mr. Dennys Kelly, then both prisoners in the Tower. I used to hear him talk to himself, when his raving fits came on; and now and then would he sing psalms with such a melodious voice as produced both admiration and pity from me, who was an object of commiseration myself, in being awhile debarred from friends to see me, or the use of pen, ink, and paper, to write to them.



But scarce two days were past, when I was ordered to have my apartment changed to one below, more gloomy, but larger, where I had opportunity to inquire, of the genteel and handsome maiden, Hannah, what was the reason of Mr. Neypoe's confinement: she told me it was something in a high degree relating to the Bishop of Rochester. Here my friends were allowed to visit me, my bed was decently curtained, and softer, and my table handsomer spread. I had, afterwards, further liberties in the house and yard; and, after three days more, as nothing could be proved against me, I was honourably discharged. Immediately I took boat, I think it was from palace-yard stairs, in which my head seemed to be affected with a strange giddiness; and when I safely arrived at home, some of my kinder neighbours appeared very joyful at my return. My poor linnet, whose death I very much feared would come to pass, saluted me with her long, pleasant, chirping notes, and, indeed, the pretty creature had occasion to be the most joyful, for her necessary stock was almost exhausted, and I was come just in the critical time to yield her a fresh supply.

I had not been long at liberty before Mrs. Hannah,

the messenger's maid, by whom I was used very courteously, made me a visit, and acquainted me that the Rev. Mr. Neypoe was found dead in the Thames, as though he had been drowned. "When you left us," said she, "the high room you first was in was judged, by the messenger, to be the securest place to keep him from making an escape." "It's very strange to me," said I, "if that was the reason; because I think no apartment was stronger than where he was confined, through the nails that I see driven into some of the boards; nor any place fitter, from which he might have been secured by the sentry at the door of the house, had he attempted to break from thence: but proceed, I pray." "Why," said she, "the evening before, I went up to wait on him, as usual, and found him sitting on the bed in a very melancholy condition: he had on his hands a new pair of white gloves, which, he supposed, would serve him till his funeral; and that he thought his death was approaching: that same night he tied the sheets and blankets fast together, and made all to the stanchion of the window; descending, without noise to wake us, from that vast height into the paved yard. He then must have climbed over the high walls, and passed over

two or three others, till he came to the river, into which descending, hoping, no doubt, it might not have been out of his depth, he experienced the contrary, for there he was immersed and lost! The neighbouring justice," added she, "made inquiry as if he had been on purpose made away with; but it coming to nothing but a noise, the corpse was interred." Thus ended the maiden Hannah, whom I went to see afterwards, but never could find her. But I often pitied the poor gentleman's fate, because, if he had lived, he might have defended his reputation, which was so bitterly inveighed against by the learned Bishop I have mentioned, as well as by the speech of his countryman, Mr. Kelly, the year after; for a nation has a right to be satisfied on such important occasions.

My stock of goods growing larger by my careful industry, I moved into the next house, where I set up my press and letters in a light room that was adjoining to the garden of the Fleet prison, where the gentlemen prisoners took their diversion; and here I published, truly, some things relating to the Bishop, worked by hired servants, that made some amends for what I had suffered through wrong information on his account;

and whilst I pleased the people by an artful taking title, I strove to instil into them the principles of loyalty, love, and obedience. Thus I helped an under class of my fellow-creatures by keeping servants on occasion, and Mr. Midwinter, as a servant, by my constancy in his business; though, I confess, the fatigue was exceedingly great, and almost above what I could manage. I imagined that, after some little time, things would so fall out, that I should have occasion to invite my dear to London; but one Sunday morning, as my shoes were japanning by a little boy, at the end of the lane, there came Mr. John Hoyle, who had been a long time in a messenger's custody on suspicion for reprinting "Vox Populi, Vox Dei," under direction of Mrs. Powell, whom he wrought with as journeyman: "Mr. Gent," said he, "I have been to York to see my parents, and am but just, as it were, returned to London; I am heartily glad to see you, but sorry to tell, that you have lost your old sweetheart, for I assure you, that she is really married to your rival, Mr. Bourne." I was so thunderstruck, that I could scarcely return an answer: all former thoughts crowding into my mind; the consideration of spending my substance on a business I



would not have engaged in as a master but for her sake, my own remissness that had occasioned it, and withal, that she could not, in such a case, be much blamed for mending her fortune: all these threw me under a very deep concern, and occasioned me to misjudge on many occasions. My old vein of poetry flowed in upon me, which gave some vent to my passion; so I wrote a copy of verses, agreeing to the tune of "Such Charms has Phillis," &c., then much in request, and proper for the flute, that I became acquainted with.

THE  
FORSAKEN LOVER'S LETTER TO HIS FORMER SWEETHEART.

I.

WHAT means my dearest, my sweet lovely creature,

Thus for to leave me to languish alone?

Why so preferred, if not to be greater,—

Must a strange lover then take what's my own?

How did you promise, when we were walking

In the sweet meadows and gardens so fair,

That you were blest in me, as I was blest in thee,

And ever, till death, we should be as one pair.

## II.

Fate, most unkindly, you know it, has parted,—  
And forced from you some years have I been;  
It is long absence makes me broken-hearted,  
Yet I adored you as much as a queen;  
And ne'er ambition could make me slight you,  
So much devoted was I to your charms :  
My heart rends asunder, to think this world's splendor  
Should make you fly to a rich lover's arms.

## III.

How could you slight me, your only sweet jewel,  
Ready to die when this news he did hear!  
Surely you cannot, cannot be so cruel,  
But, when you think of me, to shed a tear.  
Think of those treasures for you I have slighted;  
Think of my travels, by land and by sea:  
Little I thought your love would, my dear, so remove,  
Or that mine heart should be changed away.

## IV.

You wish me happy! pray keep back your wishes;  
Give them to him that you have made your own;  
Number them, dearest, amongst all your riches,  
And only think of me when dead and gone!  
Or, if I live, grief will be my portion,  
Rambling about, like a poor distressed swain;  
Strangers do kinder prove than my false-hearted love,  
Whom I am never for to see again.

## V.

When we embraced with circling sweet pleasure,  
Who would have thought that so soon we should part!  
True love is better than Indian treasure,  
Curse on the gold which has broken my heart;  
For none on earth I, like her, admired,—  
Whom I desired most loyal to be;  
But, like a treacherous maid, she has poor me betrayed,  
Proving there's none can be falser than she.

## VI.

Had I my heart, that once I could boast on,  
Ne'er would I give it to woman again,  
'Tis like a vessel, that on a rock's lost on;  
False womankind is that rock I do mean.  
Winds of ambition, glory, and splendor,  
Set their sweet, beauteous hearts all on fire;  
Make them true lovers' scorn, and leave 'em quite forlorn,  
Bleeding and dying for love they expire.

## VII.

Now to the woods and the groves I'll be ranging;  
Free from all women, I'll vent forth my grief;  
While birds are singing, and sweet notes exchanging,  
This pleasing concert will yield me relief.  
Thus like the swan, before it's departing,  
Sings forth its elegy in melting strains,  
My dying words shall move all the kind pow'rs above  
To pity my fate, the most wretched of swains.



## VIII.

However, once more, farewell, thou dear creature!

May you be bless'd, 'till life pass away;

But may it ever be in your sweet nature

To think upon me, though laid in cold clay;

And often sigh,—alas, my true lover,

What have I done, my dearest, to you!

Ever I shall deplore, if we must meet no more,—

For though you fly from thought, thought will pursue.

When I had done, as I did not care that Mr. Midwinter should know of my great disappointment, I gave the above copy, except the last stanza, to Mr. Dodd, who, printing the same, sold thousands of them, for which he offered me a price; but as it was on my own proper concern, I scorned to accept of any thing, except a glass of comfort or so, and became so gracious with him and his spouse, that if I did not often visit them, they were offended. Yet here I perceived something in matrimony that might have weaned me from affection that way; for this couple often jarred for very

trifling occasions, as I thought; she would twit him with a former lover of his, and this jealousy of hers would just drive him to madness. Once he threw a thing at her, which struck me in the forehead, and set me bleeding, with which they both appeared mightily concerned, and craved pardon, which I readily granted, though I came not so frequently afterward; but one time, taking notice of a stone ring on my finger, in which was some of my dear mother's hair, she requested, that if I died first, I might bequeath it to her: "Pray, madam," said I, "and what, on the like consideration of death, will you please to leave me?" "This pretty picture of Narcissus," answered she, "which my own hands painted on the glass." To this we agreed, only speaking to her husband: "My dear," said she, "if I die first, pray let it be handsomely framed, and delivered, for my sake, to Mr. Gent." The dear creature shortly after fell ill; so bad that, expecting death, she earnestly desired that I would receive the blessed sacrament with her; though unworthy, I could not refuse it; but the parson, being brought from a coffee-house, was extremely illnated, quarrelled with the nurse about the cleanliness of a cup, and, having administered it, hoped that

she would die in pleasure, without giving him much more trouble. Her devotion in receiving it was extraordinary; she embraced the heavenly viaticum in a degree of transport, and she had the goodnature not to answer his indifferent speech at departure. It was not long before she sweetly departed this life: I saw her coffin when brought home, which indeed was very handsome; but I thought it strange that her lovely corpse (for she was a beautiful young gentlewoman,) should be laid therein by the joiner's servants, whilst the unconcerned husband and his relations were joyfully carousing below-stairs. She was buried in St. Bride's church-yard; and before my acquaintance ceased with him, he delivered me the picture, handsomely framed, which I now keep in my bedchamber. I made him no more visits, because I did not know if they might be acceptable; especially I thought it prudent to omit them when I heard of his sudden new marriage, little thinking that I should afterwards become her servant: she was a neat person, daughter to a sea captain, who had her educated at the boarding-school at Hackney. She was a widow, left with a pretty son, when Mr. Dodd married her, who only lived till he also had a child by

her; and on his death-bed desired, if possible, she might procure me as a journeyman to manage the business, which came to pass, as towards the sequel of the first part of my life will appear.

It was, as near as I can remember, about the beginning of the year 1723, when Mr. Midwinter ordered me to paper up all the printing letters, in so extraordinary a manner that is seldom or never done but with a design of removal to move off, and prevent a seizure for debt. I implicitly obeyed, without the least inquiry why he did it, but I was not so blind as not to perceive the drift, nor well pleased that others were acquainted with the secret, and my fidelity mistrusted; but as I had a sincere respect for him, I kept all within my breast, till I knew the carts were to come in the night time, and carry all away into the Mint; then it was I took my little box, in which I had my own necessaries, and several pounds in silver, for I never trusted all my money in one place,—I had put an hundred pounds out to use in Ireland, the interest of which I allowed to my dear parents, who were my faithful stewards; but Mr. Midwinter falling out with me, as I had it privately under my coat lap, fearing it should be lost, gave me



some uneasiness, before I could get liberty to convey it to my own lodgings. "Sir," said I, "you never need fear any discovery through me: your misfortune becomes mine, since, I know, I am never to serve you any more; but I always dreaded such a parting, which never was through any fault of mine, nor do I impute it to yours, but your misfortune, not to be described, since, by this means, our mistress is separated from you too, in being sent home to her father, or, as I hear, will soon be." He looked fiercely sullen at me, neither paying my accustomed wages, or requiring my attendance the next day, as he had done others. This I took very unkindly, but thought it my duty to submit, except in privately moving off my own, without the least intention of hurt, nor was there in that the least occasion of fear, it being a very dark night. However, I waited upon him at his new habitation in the Mint, on Monday, where I found him so strange that he would scarcely speak to me: God forgive the wretch who made the difference! I think I have guessed him; and if so, I lent him what he never had the honesty to pay. As I found my master not willing I should so much as look into the house, for fear, I suppose, I should learn how

to order my own materials, as I afterwards heard, I turned about to depart; but told him, that his coldness was more grievous to me than any woful prospect I could conceive. He said it could not be helped: I said I wished him and his all imaginary happiness, and that what I came for was, purely to crown our separation in a friendly manner. "Nay," said he, "rather for the money I owe you." "For that," I answered, "you are heartily welcome to, and more, sir, if you please, since I have earned sufficiently in your service." "Why then," said he, "it shall not be said that your old master, though now a Minter, shall now be out-done in point of generosity:" and so, obliging me to go into an ale-house, he gave me my money to a farthing, with as kind wishes as I used to him; "Though," added he, "I must act against you in trade, as the world, through necessity, obliges most people to do, even amongst the nearest relations." Thus parting, I became quite out of subjection to any master.

Being near Kent street, I thought it proper to visit my new relations: but alas! they, too, were flown in the Mint, from whence I was but just come. Strange vicissitudes in life! and happy asylum, thought I, for

the distressed! I sought and found my poor cousin sick in bed of a fever, his spouse attending him, and their numerous goods huddled together in very little room: having mutually comforted each other, I went to my apartments, and put my goods in better order. I printed a collection of songs proper for the summer's entertainment: a little book of Emblems, and a "Preparation for Death," kept me at work for some months after, with bills for the cockpits, which were done twice a week; but business failing, and journey-work being brisk in great houses, I applied to Mr. Henry Woodfall, who readily accepted me, and I helped to finish the part that he had of a learned Dictionary.

Whilst with him, I got servants of my own to print, at my press, "the Bishop of Rochester's Effigy," to which were added some inoffensive verses that pleased all parties, which sold very well. When I finished what Mr. Woodfall had to do, I kept at home a little while, and was sent for again, with whom I continued till the banishment of the aforesaid prelate, and the execution of Counsellor Layer: on whose few dying words I formed observations in nature of a large speech, and had a run of sale for about three days successively,

which obliged me to keep in my own apartments, the unruly hawkers being ready to pull my press in pieces for the goods. After the hurry was over, I returned to my master, and continuing some time, he, one morning, told me that, the night before, being in the club of master printers of the higher class, he laughed heartily upon my account. "Pray, why so, sir!" said I; "how came I to be the theme?" "Why," said he, "has not that fellow, Sam Negus, put you amongst the catalogue of masters, and placed you in Pye Corner?"\* "It's like his blunders," said I; "but how came he to print such a catalogue?" "Why," replied he, "the creature, who is now set up as a master himself, is not satisfied, but wants to be messenger of the press; so that he has exhibited what printing houses there are in England to the Secretary of State, to shew his readiness to visit them, provided he is furnished with authority and profit; he has mentioned who he thought were of high or low principles, but is sadly mistaken, for he has called whigs tories, and tories whigs, as wretched in calcula-

\* "GENT, Pye Corner," occurs among the printers, whom Negus denominates "High Flyers." The list may be seen in "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century," vol. i. pp. 289. 312.



tions as Sir John Wronghead in his vote; and I'll assure you, Mr. Gent, that you're amongst the tories." "'Tis through such a rascal as him," answered I, "that I was made a state prisoner; but has he obtained his ends?" "No," said Mr. Woodfall, "the Secretary, laughing at the list, bantered Mr. Watts with what a hopeful company there was of the profession, and gave him a copy, which being brought into Wild court, the men joyfully put it to the press, and dispersed the paltry petition, too much honoured by the names of creditable persons he had traduced, throughout the members of the profession, that so the vile wretch might be justly exposed." "He well deserved it!" thought I, and so dropt him.

Our business not being so brisk as usual, I returned to my own apartments; and, joining in work with a master in the Fleet, printed some small pieces on religion. An old schoolfellow, who had studied physick in foreign parts, and really commenced doctor,—John Greev, M.D.—having found me out, invited me to his house, near the Minories. I dined with him and his spouse, who had lately borne him a pretty infant: and King George the First returning from Germany, I printed for him this year (1724) an ode thus intituled,

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“Ad Cæsarem Britannicum e Germaniâ redeuntem Ode; Londini, typis Thomæ Gent, in vico vulgo dicto Fleet lane, pro usu Authoris, ann. 1724.” After this, Mr. Woodfall was so kind to recommend me to the ingenious Mr. Richardson, in Salisbury court; with whom I staid to finish his part of the Dictionary which he had from the booksellers, composed of English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. On my return home, I adventured to do a book of Emblems, in duodecimo, imitating the learned Hermanius Hugo, of the order of the Holy Jesus; and Mr. Hotham, on London bridge, being partner, we ventured to print off a thousand, which, at this time, seem to be near sold off. This, I think, was the last work I did of any great consequence in London: and, having little to do at home, I wrought in the house of Mrs. Susannah Collins, an ancient gentlewoman, who lived near me, in Black and White Court, in the Old Bailey. For some weeks, I lived in great felicity, for I found the art of gaining her temper. She had a wicked son, called Master John, who, contracting debts by his extravagant living, was thrown into the Counter: she, good gentlewoman, forgetting how he once sued her for some legacy, almost to an excommu-

nication, had pity for him, who had not the least regard for her. She gave me money to release him, which, with some difficulty, I did, from that close prison; and took the loathsome wretch from his filthy bed on the ground, in a coach with me home. It was great Providence that, in the unpleasant action, I became not smitten with the jail distemper that he was then afflicted with; considering that, a little afterwards, it fell to his aged mother's lot,—and then a wicked maid-servant took opportunity to make off with some of her riches, and particularly a gold repeating watch, with all the costly trinkets about it; but, whilst sailing in a boat, towards Gravesend, the striking thereof alarmed a gentleman that was therein, who, perceiving her person nor habit to agree with so rich a prize, commanded the boatman to land near the next town, carried her before a justice, to whom she confessed the whole matter,—was, by habeas corpus, brought to Newgate,—at the sessions received condemnation to death, but through the goodness of her mistress, languishing on her death-bed, she was sent beyond the sea; after which, Madam Collins departed this mortal life, it was on Sunday the 2d of June; and about two

days after, was interred in the west end of St. Sepulchre's church, near the north isle; I believe, near the body of the deputy of the ward, her once affectionate husband. The executors continued me in their service, at twenty shillings per week, in bringing the materials from their confused condition, and helping to weigh the letters, in order to make a division of the substance amongst them, and cease their jarring disagreements. After which, I was paid very honestly, and honourably discharged, which set me once more at liberty, either to contrive business in my own habitation, or else to work as a journeyman with others.

And now it happened, that the widow of the late Mr. Dodd, who had desired, on his death-bed, to get me to assist her whenever opportunity served, wanted a person to manage her printing business. Mr. Richard Purser, whom I used to employ, informed me of it; and that she was willing to allow what others had given me. Indeed, I had formed an intention to dispose of my materials, since I was disappointed of my first love; and, therefore, was more willing to enter into the service of this gentlewoman. Accordingly, I made my application, to which she readily consented. I found



the printing office in great confusion; but, by hard working, convinced her that she did not part with her money in vain. Indeed, she was a most agreeable person, and I thought her worthy of the best of spouses: for, sure, there never could be a finer economist, or sweeter mother to her dear children, whom she kept exceedingly decent. I have dined with her, but then, as in reason, I allowed what was fitting for my meals; and her conversation, agreeably to her fine education, almost wounded me with love, and, at the same time, commanded a becoming reverence. What made her excellent carriage the more endearing was, that I now must never expect to behold my first love at York; though I heard, by travellers, that not only she, but her husband used to inquire after me. Indeed, I was sensible that Mr. Bourne, though a likely young man, was not one of the most healthful persons, but far from imagining otherwise than that he might have outlived me, who then was worn almost to a shadow.— But see the wonderful effects of Divine Providence in all things!

It was one Sunday morning that Mr. Philip Wood, a quondam partner at Mr. Midwinter's, entering my

chambers, where I sometimes used to employ him too, when slack of business in other places, "Tommy," said he, "all these fine materials of yours must be moved to York:" at which, wondering, "What mean you?" said I. "Aye," said he, "and you must go too, without it's your own fault; for your first sweetheart is now at liberty, and left in good circumstances by her dear spouse, who deceased but of late." "I pray heaven," answered I "that his precious soul may be happy; and, for aught I know, it may be as you say, for indeed I think I may not trifle with a widow, as I have formerly done with a maid." I made an excuse to my mistress, that I had business in Ireland, but that I hoped to be at my own lodgings in about a month's time; if not, as I had placed every thing in order, she might easily, by any other person, carry on the business. But she said, she would not have any beside me in that station I enjoyed; and, therefore, should expect my return to her again: but, respectfully taking leave, I never beheld her after, though, I heard, she was after very indifferently married. I had taken care that my goods should be privately packed up, and hired a little warehouse to put them in, ready to be sent, by sea or land, to where I

should order; and I pitched upon Mr. Campbell, my fellow-traveller, as my confidant in this affair, desiring my cousins to assist him; all of whom I took leave of at the Black Swan in Holborn, where I had paid my passage, in the stage-coach, which brought me to York in four days' time. Here I found my dearest once more, though much altered to what she was about ten years before, that I had not seen her: there was no need for new courtship; but decency suspended the ceremony of marriage for some time. I wrote to her uncle, Mr. White, at Newcastle; but he, having more his own interest at heart than our good, not only was very much against us, but did all that was in his power to keep us asunder: however, acquainting my parents with my design, they did not think fit to contradict my inclinations, but sent me their blessing. My goods being safely arrived from London, added greatly to the former printing house; but very bad servants occasioned great uneasiness to me. However, I continued peaceable against all opposition of her uncle, or those who unjustly cast reflections upon my being a stranger; till my dearest, at length, considering the ill consequences of delay in her business, as well as the former ties of

love that passed innocently between us, by word and writing, gave full consent to have the nuptials celebrated, which were performed that very day of the late Archbishop's\* installation, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, being the 10th of December, in the stately cathedral, dedicated to St. Peter.

\* Launcelot Blackburne, D.D. formerly Bishop of Exeter.—T. G.





## PART SECOND.

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THE learned Bishop Pearson has given a rhetorical abridgment of the life of man, from the time of weaning till under the rigid discipline of the rod, either by parents at home, or teachers in the schools; and might have added, the often too severe usage in long apprenticeships; above which, he ascends to that of a master, whom he wittily styles but as a servant-general to his family: an office full of trouble, not to mention all those griefs that accompany us besides, through the strange vicissitudes that attend it, intermingled especially with the most serious thoughts of futurity, according as we do our duty.

From the late condition of a servant, was I changed to be a master! from a citizen of London, so much esteemed for urbanity, was become, through the virtue of twenty-seven pounds, the like at York; but over such servants that, becoming reluctant to my new authority, gave me exceeding great trouble in my proceedings, as

they had done before to their too kind mistress, by neglect, in the time of her widowhood. What concerned me too was, that I found her temper much altered from that sweet natural softness, and most tender affection, that rendered her so amiable to me while I was more juvenile, and she a maiden. Not less sincere, I must own, but with that presumptive air and conceited opinion, like Mrs. Day, in the play of "The Committee," that made me imagine an epidemical distemper reigned among the good women, which too often unreasonably prevailed, even to ruin themselves and families, or if prevented by Divine Providence, frequently proved the sad cause of great contention and disquietude. However, as I knew I was but then a novice in the intricate laws of matrimony, and that nothing but a thorough annihilation can disentangle or break that chain which oft produces a strange concatenation for future disorders, I endeavoured to comply with a sort of stoical resolution, to some very harsh rules that, otherwise, would have grated my human understanding. For as, by this change, I had given a voluntary wound to my wonted liberty, now attacked in the maintenance partly of pretended friends, spunging

parasites, and flatterers, who imposed on goodnature to our great damage; so, in this conjugal captivity, as I may term it, I was fully resolved, likewise in a Christian sense, to make my yoke as easy as possible, thereby to give no offence to custom or law of any kind. The tender affection that a good husband naturally has to the wife of his bosom is such, as to make him often pass by the greatest insults that can be offered to human nature: such, I mean, are the senseless provoking arguments that can be used by the latter against the interest of the former, who is mostly concerned in defence for her safety, who will not be awoke from delusion till poverty appears, shews the ingratitude of false friends in prosperity, and brings her to sad repentance in adversity: she then will wish she had been foreseeing as her husband, when it is too late; condemn her foolish credulity, and abhor those who have caused her to differ from the sentiments of her truest friend, whose days she has embittered with the most undutiful aggravations, to render every thing uncomfortable to him.

My dear's uncle, White, as he called himself, kept a printing office at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where, having



had no opposer, he heaped up riches in abundance ; and yet so greedy of more, that, before our marriage, he offered my dear, his niece, fifty pounds a year to resign the materials and all that she was worth in stock to his management. The wretch (for so I call him) was formerly so much mistrusted by his own father, that he would not trust my predecessor to his proffered courtesy, but provided for him in his will: so obnoxious to his mother-in-law, Mrs. White, that she left him but little, or next to nothing; so disregarded by his nephew, that my dear could scarcely, through her good-nature, prevail with him, whilst dying, to bequeath him his watch, cane, and about seven guineas, which she thought, perhaps, might induce him to future kindness towards her; but she ungratefully found the contrary, and had better reason to have kept it. He had done all he could to prevent our marriage, and breathed forth little else than the most destructive opposition against us; giving, as it were, a sanction to his malice, that what he intended was truly for the good of his family, which every honest man ought to regard antecedently superior to all other motives; that nieceship was now inconsistent with his interest: and told me

plainly, that he would oppose me in all my doings to the very utmost of his power: though I had made it plainly appear that he need not esteem me so contemptible a person as he did, being sprung from reputable people, was a citizen of several cities, that I was not only free from debt but, by my great industry, had cleared about two hundred pounds. But what I said was disregarded; and nothing but a melancholy prospect of future diskindnesses was placed before my eyes; though my circumstances, I think, were as good as those of his niece, my spouse, who had a house, indeed, —that eastward, next the bookseller's in Stonegate, held very precariously; which was, very unhappily, in the year 1723, the remainder of a prebendal lease, in the possession of Joseph Leach, a singing man, maker of starch, and sheriff of this city; which cost above two hundred pounds, (I think two hundred and two pounds ten shillings,) which was daily in danger of being lost, through the falling lives of people, whose names had been long inserted therein. An hundred pounds was borrowed of Francis Barrowby, an attorney, who drew the deeds, and who proved himself either fool or knave, or both, in promoting such a bargain; because, being

prevented in the renewal, there was great danger of losing the whole in a little time; and did not get what was laid out during the fifteen years, &c. it was enjoyed, the interest of which would have yielded about one hundred and fifty pounds, and their principal secured; not to mention the various repairs, which cost considerable sums, and the disappointment of dwelling therein, to be freed from those wicked landladies that endeavoured to distress them by raising their rents.

Here I found a newspaper printed, but utterly spoiled by being compiled by a mean-spirited, self-conceited Quaker, whom I discharged; but who had the wicked conscience to extort from me for half a year's service that way, pretending an engagement for it, though I performed the labour; and afterwards proved but a very sorry friend, if not an enemy. The servants, who were most ungovernable before our marriage, proved but very little better after, though I used them with the greatest lenity; they loitered away the time, were quite idle in my absence, and betrayed their malignity by bitter aspersions, so unworthy to many of our London youth, that I became sorry almost to death that I was ever placed over such incorrigible wretches.

1725. My dear parents, who approved of my marriage, growing very ancient, desired once more to see me, and to deliver into my own hands what money I had intrusted them with. I yielded to their desire, with the consent of my spouse, who was pretty far gone with child; and, riding to Liverpool, I could find no ship but one, bound for Ireland, a little vessel, commanded by a native of Portugal, who had no other hands but those of a French lad, his apprentice, and another tolerable sailor; in a vessel very tight, but too little and unfit, as she was heavy laden with earthenware, for those troublesome seas. However, we sailed pretty well the first day; and, at night, I was mightily taken with the harmonious voice of the French lad, who was guiding the helm, and singing really as delightfully as the poets have feigned of the melodious syrens of the Sicilian seas. The next day, as we approached nearer the Hill of Houth, a storm arose, which put us in exceeding danger, for want of sufficient number of sailors. The captain feeling a terrible squall of wind, as he called it, said he, "if such another comes quickly, we shall be all overturned and lost!" and a little after, he called to us under deck to prepare for



death. This caused tears to trickle down some of our cheeks; for, indeed, the ship so terribly rolled, with such violence, from one side to the other, and the waters dashing in so fast, that we were more terrified every moment with fear of being overwhelmed.

The passengers, beside me, were two women, one of them a Quaker, and a youth from Yorkshire, who said his intention was to apply for a gentleman's service. "Captain," said I, "don't despair, in God's name, and I'll help you as long as I am able." I got up, and did so hard labour at the pump, that I was in a lather with sweat, and frequently nigh covered with the waves. At length, being near spent, I besought some of them to call the young man, to ease me a little; but they told me he was very sick in the bed, and could not rise, nor would he lay down his beads, but resolved to continue earnest in his devotions to the last: upon which, taking breath, I reassumed my late post, till my hands were piteously blistered; but, unwilling to be washed away, I was resolved that the ship should serve for my coffin as well as others. As I was descending, the good woman who owned the earthenware, desired me to have them thrown overboard, that our

lives might be saved; but we, more profitably for her, judged otherwise; and at last, our distress being espied from afar, some skilful pilots came, in a large boat, to our relief. We then cast anchor, as they directed; drank a cheeruping glass, congratulated each other on our happy deliverance, rallied the captain for his timidity, and patiently heard the good Quaker woman deliver such a sermon as made us conclude she was filled with inspiration.

Thus pleasantly we continued, till the tide began to flow towards the shore. "Captain," said the pilot, "had you persisted whilst the tide was against you, an hundred to one but, as night came on, you would have certainly been lost, not knowing where to cast anchor; but now, I thank God, you are safe for this voyage. I suppose you was never on this coast before; and I am very glad that it was my fortune to help a stranger." Then we sweetly sailed into the bay; and, entering into a large river, walled north and south, we viewed the pleasant town of Ringsend; and, soon after, landed upon Aston's Key, from whence, once more, I visited the house of my parents. I was invited to lodge at my rich sister Standish's, but not thinking to leave

my dear father and mother while I stayed, I had a bed spread on the floor, near beside them. Besides this, as I heard that death had removed my beautiful fair niece, Anne Standish, I was less mindful of visiting the family; though I paid them all other respect that could be expected, and was acceptable to my nephew, who belonged to Trinity College, and is now a clergyman in the north of Ireland. My mother I found languishing upon her death-bed, and my poor father but in a weak condition; but what added to my grief was, that they were surrounded, as it were, by my sister Clark's unruly children. I continued with them about a fortnight, in which time I bought a quantity of linen cloth, as thinking it the best commodity I could dispose of in England.

Whilst I was thus employed, I received a letter from my spouse, that her villanous uncle being come again from Newcastle, was setting up, against us, a printing office, with one Robert Ward; and, therefore, she desired my quick return. I was then truly amazed at the knave's treachery, who, not long before, had desired my correspondence as a relation; which being granted, caused him, in writing, to approve of my dutiful

behaviour. I now perceived, as it were, that the axe was laid to the root of my tree of life, to fell it down; or, at least, a wedge was driven that in time, by continued strokes, might split our needy affairs into pieces. I took shipping as soon as possible; but, while my goods were putting into stowage, I was much insulted, in a public house on the quay, by one Taylor, a pragmatic, drunken, and quarrelsome tinner, without any occasion, for which God forgive him. I entered into a far better ship than before; the master a stout comely man, and furnished with able sailors. Our voyage was very pleasant till we reached High Lake; and being, by stress of weather, obliged to anchor against the town, a seizure was made of some brandy, by the hard-hearted officer, who took even what belonged to the poor apprentices, whose tears at that sad parting could not cause in him the least remorse of conscience. But at Liverpool we met with kinder usage; where I was very fortunate in getting my goods despatched away by the carrier, who was just setting out for York, and left me a brave strong horse to ride home at pleasure.

I had not rode above a few miles from the town but, overtaking a good looking countryman, and falling into



discourse, I asked him what news was stirring? who answered "Sir, I know of nothing more or greater than that, this day, (November 3d, 1725), is to be hanged the greatest rogue in England, called Jonathan Wild." I had seen that thiefcatcher several times about the Old Bailey in London; and particularly took notice of him when he rode triumphantly, with pistols before the criminals, whilst conveying to the place of execution; I hated him, because John Monk, my fellow apprentice, was seduced to become in his book, whom, peradventure, he would have hanged also, if a violent fever had not sent him to Islington Church-yard, to the alternate grief and joy of his aged father, as I have mentioned in the first part of my life. I thought the just judgment of the vindictive hand of fate was fallen upon the guilty wretch, so characterised in the Beggar's Opera, by the name of Informing Peachum, which will remain indelible to future ages; and I heard he was pelted by the populace to the place of execution: so those fleaing rascals, the surgeons, as the same piece styles them, stole his corpse from its grave, in St. Pancras's church-yard, in which sacred ground it seemed unfit he should be interred amongst many noble and pious personages.

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The next day I continued my journey so briskly that, about twelve o'clock at night, I arrived at my house in York, to the great joy of my spouse, who told me that her barbarous uncle had dined with her in my absence; which shewed the fellow was a perfect compound of nonsense, villainy, hypocrisy, and impudence. His full malice appeared a little after, for he actually joined with the aforesaid Ward, who had been his father's footboy, but, having married a wife with a fortune, had bought a press, with other materials, in order to set up a master printer. They published a newspaper, which whilst they cried up, almost in the same breath they ran down mine with that eager bitterness of spirit which they had instilled into them, in which they were assisted by a relation, brother to his wife, with such a strange phiz, by a piked nose, fallen mouth, and projecting chin, that had he been likewise graced with a tail, would have made as complete a monkey as Asia, Africa, or America, nay, the whole world could produce.

His business was to go to the houses of my customers, and substituting his papers in the room of what I sent; and the prices of goods were lowered by one third, supposing their riches in Newcastle would support them

through all expences, whilst they endeavoured to ruin me at York. A melancholy reflection, to find that my marriage had made me as criminal as a person guilty of the greatest demerits; and that nothing appeared but a gloomy prospect of rage and power I was to struggle with, in order to preserve me and mine from seeming destruction! What a vast disparity was now from my former condition! in London, enjoying plenty of business, and beloved by the best; oppressed in York, and, as it were, prosecuted by a tyrannical villain; and that, too, after I had paid for a freedom, in order for a settlement, to be turned out, with scorn, as the worst of vagabonds! and this, too, by wretches that were inferior to me, as have been since proved in various respects, as have been apparent to the world. But it was not long before his partner, Ward, failed for debt; and was glad to become my journeyman, whom I screened, though he had threatened my ruin.

On Sunday the 10th of October, 1725, my dear spouse was happily brought to bed of a son, whom I had gotten privately baptized Charles, by the Rev. Mr. Dingley, and publicly, in the cathedral, by the Rev. Mr. Knight, at the font which then stood at the west

end of the nave, near the venerable remains of Archbishop Melton. Mr. Lambert, a gentleman of the spiritual court, and Mr. Dowbiggin, schoolmaster, of Thornton, near Pickering, were godfathers; though one Mr. Bateman, another schoolmaster, stood for the latter, by proxy. It proved a beautiful child as possibly our eyes could have beheld; but, unhappily, was taken with convulsion fits. One Sunday, in particular, as just going to eat our dinner, (to which Mr. Ward and his wife were invited,) the child was suddenly taken, and turned as black as ebony itself; but, on its recovery, like the sun appearing through a cloud, all the charms of infant loveliness returned, and the features of an angel, which he was soon to be, resumed their wonted place in his amiable countenance. The Sunday following, having such another fit, all the assistance possible was administered on so mournful an occasion. I wished for its life, and yet I scarce knew well why; I was not very sorry to think of its death, considering what it might have been exposed to, through oppression of its woful parents by the villain aforesaid, who was plotting our ruin to his utmost power, as that of his partner, my journeyman, Ward: whom I took, on horseback,



August 19th, 1726, privately behind me to Hull, where I saw him on board a ship riding in the Humber.

A servant of mine, being corrupted to print an unstamped newspaper, one that had been stamped was taken from a customer's house, and the spurious one put into its place; of which, information was made to William Thompson, esq. that I had acted contrary to act of parliament, and incurred a penalty of fifty pounds. A search was made after more of them, but they were found stamped; yet I was sent for, and, knowing my innocence, my just anger rose in proportion to my sudden surprise. Mr. Carty, the lord mayor's clerk, perceiving me abused, examined the matter with the greatest scrutiny; and, on stamped paper, the following testimonials were exhibited:

William Bradley, apprentice to Thomas Gent, of the city of York, printer; John Macferson and William Nost, printers and journeymen to the said Thomas Gent; and Mary Pybus, spinster, his servant; jointly and severally make oath: and, first, the said William Bradley and John Macferson, for themselves, say and depose that they were servants to, and lived in the house of, the said Mr. Gent, some considerable time before he received the instructions from the Stamp office, to print his news upon stamped paper; and that, since his receiving the said in-

structions or orders, he was very exact, not only as to himself, but also in giving these deponents frequent orders and strict charge to yield all due obedience to the said instructions, by printing the news upon stamped paper. And, accordingly, these deponents never printed any newspapers for the said Thomas Gent, to be sold or published, but what were duly stamped according to the directions contained in the said instructions. Neither did he himself print or publish any news, to the privity or knowledge of these deponents, but what were duly stamped, as aforesaid.

And this deponent, William Nost, deposeth that, since his entering upon the said Mr. Gent's service, he has observed the said Mr. Gent's singular care and vigilance was very extraordinary, lest that any news should pass the press unstamped, and his frequent giving directions, as aforesaid.

And this deponent, Mary Pybus, heard her said master, Mr. Gent, frequently repeat his directions concerning the said news, as aforesaid; so great was his care in relation to the stamping of them: from all which, all these deponents, William Bradley, John Macferson, William Nost, and Mary Pybus, verily and sincerely believe that the said Mr. Gent never printed any news other than upon stamped paper since he received the foregoing instructions; and that he never defrauded, or intended to defraud his majesty of any part of the said duty; and that if a single sheet escaped, or came out of the press unstamped, it was intended for a proof sheet, and for no other use; and that if any such sheet came out of the printing house, it proceeded from the indiscretion of some of the servants at the press; who, through

inadvertency, may carry the same in their pockets, when useless to Mr. Gent. And the deponent John Macferson, saith that he hath frequently carried such sheets in his pocket, with no other view than to light a pipe of tobacco; and that one night, meeting with Telpha, servant to Mr. John White, printer, he believes he gave him one of the said proof sheets, or other sheet, which this deponent printed for his own use, to keep for the use aforesaid, or to dispose of it as he thought fit, a thing too common with journeymen.

By this it very plainly appears that Scotch Macpherson, my journeyman, printed the paper unstamped, unknown to me, and gave it to Telpha, the Scot, White's journeyman. The two latter, the alehouse woman Mrs. Reynoldson told me, came to her house, and White asked for their newspaper, and privately changed the unstamped one for it; no doubt burning the right one, and making an information with what was as false as themselves were villainous.

White denied his having an hand in it; but Mr. Thompson told me, it was from one that was related to me, and yet my greatest enemy! And who could this be but White? in which, if he had proceeded, I might have brought the fellow's ears to prove my innocence, who thought to have forced me to London, before the

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commissioners. Such almost nefandous usage, stirred up Mr. Carty to write the following paragraph of my vindication, in the news, which I thus exactly transcribe.

YORK, *Feb. 6th*, 1725. From an attempt lately made upon me, I think myself obliged to beg my pardon and attention whilst I inform them of the misfortune which I am now likely to labour under; and which, I hope, may be applied by them severally, in some degree, to a favorable sense of me. Since I came into this city, I do not know any person I have offended in word or deed; and such was, and still shall be my desire and inclination to preserve and keep myself free from offence. Yet one dangerous and designing enemy unjustly endeavours, as much as possible, to circumvent me in my business, and transplant me from my place of settlement. And his efforts herein, not subsisting altogether with his emulation, he had recourse to an imaginary and more powerful frightful remedy, to terrify me with the approaching or ensuing fatal effects of it; and, consequently, make me fly, and thereby gain his ends. And in order to this, has been very dexterous and artful in the contrivance of his malicious and preconcerted design, by charging me with an information of having defrauded his majesty of a duty of one halfpenny, imposed by Parliament upon the single newspapers, or mercuries, sold and published by me; and this, with a view of drawing upon me the displeasure of the government, and subject me thereby, to the penalty of fifty pounds, limited by Act of Parliament, for such fraud. I must, therefore, acquaint my readers and the public that, since the prohibition I received in this



behalf, I have complied, and still shall comply, with the tenour and meaning of the Act aforesaid; so as not to print, or direct to be printed, or knowingly suffered or permitted to be printed, or sold, or received money for, or published any newspapers since the receipt of the prohibition above mentioned, any other than what were duly stamped, according to the meaning of the said Act.

And for the truth whereof, I appeal to Heaven, and to the persons who are pleased to favour me with their custom, and who, when the ways by tempestuous storms, were rendered unpassable, were deprived of being supplied with the news by me, for want of stamps being brought to me, according to my expectation, as well as the deposition of my servants and journeymen, taken before a proper person, reciting my constant charge and direction to them, from time to time, to be cautious and exact not to print any news but upon stamps; and which they have sworn they have accordingly. And yet, after all this, my designing adversary, has found a single sheet unstamped at a public-house, as he says, which may be a proof sheet, carried by one of my servants, inadvertently, in his pocket; or, by chance, misplaced; or, by corruption, obtained by him; which could not be very difficult, when the integrity of servants is not altogether to be relied on in this age. And thus is the thunderbolt of his prosecution founded and balanced. And as none but my adversary, who by the foregoing matter, may be easily guessed, and hereafter shall be fully known in due time, could discern or find out this fraudulent contrivance of mine; I hope his judicious observation will furnish him with better reasons, and arguments more prevalent, than his quickening spirit of spleen and ma-

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lice can suggest to justify him. From what has been said, I hope it will appear that the ruin of me, my wife, and family, is the only scope and design aimed at by this information; all his other underhand means proving weak and abortive.

Lastly, I humbly beseech my readers, to prevent this designing man's gaining more of his ends over me, to secure the person who shall bring, sell, or publish any news unstamped in my name; and that he, my said adversary, would seriously consider how every honest man will censure him for endeavouring to force an innocent person from his spouse and family by such unaccountable ways, and unchristian proceedings.

P.S. Any other might, notwithstanding the utmost precaution, be made liable to the same unhappiness in the like manner and occasion.

Thus concluded Mr. Carty's kindness for me.

But, afterwards, I found Macpherson a corrupted villain to others; and well, by a perverse rascal, might be made a rogue. For he was hired by Woodhouse, a bailiff, to betray his fellow-servant, Ward, into his clutches; for which he was obliged to run away from my service, with fiddlers and pipers, before I returned from Hull, fearing my just resentment for his knavery, August 1726.

I would not have made this digression, were it not to

lay open the cruelty of our barbarous uncle, who yet had some periodical fits of goodness, in considering what he had done to us, when too late to be recalled.

One time he vouchsafed to visit the nurse, gave her a shilling, and blessed my child, who, he said, was a lovely creature. But, alas! better had it been for his interest and ours, that he had not commenced so great an enemy. The child having its continuance of fits, my spouse caused the nurse to bring it home; but its cries and sighs being so piercing to our souls, she returned with him to her house.

The last fit came on it on the 12th of March, 1725, just as it was fully dressed in its perfect beauty, which overcame that sable colour that was wont to shade its lovely countenance in those terrible attacks; but then it was conquered by death, who left its body in so sweet a condition, that any spectator might have imagined it an angel asleep, newly arrived in this transitory world. It only gave a sigh, as the nurse told me, and then parted for ever.

I paid the church funeral expenses to that covetous priest Bradley, who did nothing for it, though I buried its pretty corpse in the church of St. Michael le

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Belfrey; where it was laid, on the breast of Mr. Charles Bourne, my predecessor, in the chancel on the south side of the altar.

I continued, though without profit, but rather lost, to print the news, that our adversaries should not suddenly triumph over us.

1726. In these times, I printed some books learnedly translated into English by Mr. John Clarke, school-master, in Hull; the columns of the two languages being opposite one to the other, for the greater ease of young tyros in learning, as well as those who had obtained some indifferent proficiency therein. Two editions I did of Erasmus. To my journeyman I had Mr. Whitburne Wells, nephew to the celebrated doctor in divinity of that surname, who wrote a book in geography, in Greek and Latin; but having no goodwill to his kinsman, he listed in the army, where his merit and wit obtained him the honour of being a serjeant at Gibraltar. Another journeyman was John Brooker, originally from Ireland; little better, when mellow, than a lunatic, and, quite drunk, a perfect madman. Another was called Thomas Dickenson, a sort of interloper, but a good workman, considering his lameness; saucy, sly, conceited, and very offensive when there was no



other occasion, but only requiring him to be cleanly, and not offensive to others by his rubbish, which his unreasonable covetousness would not allow time to make away. He had been long in Scotland, where he married; became a stroller; was sent from constable to constable, to Belfrey's parish; afterwards wrought at Doncaster with Mr. Ward; and, at length, died in or near London. I had also for my journeyman, Mr. Pattison, a goodnatured, honest Scot, the best that ever I knew of the sort; and Smith, of the same country, but I think as false a loon as ever came out of it. I was often grieved that my necessity should oblige me to employ some of those ungrateful vermin, and others, particularly one Jackson, a mean senseless wretch, to whom yet I gave the best London prices.

1728. The opposition continuing still against me by our unmerciful uncle, I was obliged to contrive some business, rather than go back in the world; and, by an almost unheard of attempt, to seek a living by recalling the dead, as it were, to life, to afford me and mine that sustenance which the living seemed to deny me. The thought sprung from some curiosities that I had found, and by what I was likely to procure, relating to the antiquities of York. My resolution became so rivetted

in me, and being spurred on by necessity, that I published the proposals of my design in the year 1729. It was very far from real pleasure when I heard that some people had scrupled my real ability, and that others feared to trust me with the subscription money. I was one time, I believe, for half an hour, very indecently abused at a merry meeting, by a fellow who reflected on Mr. Gent, as he called me, though he knew not I was the very person he was talking to; and should, for me, have continued ignorant, through my innocent nature, if one of the company, who had suffered him to prate a long while, could bear no longer, but discovering his mistake, called him a blockhead for his vile imprudence; and obliged him to leave the place. But what most of all astonished me was the usage of old Hildyard, a neighbouring bookseller, who sent to my shop his then simple son John, to tell me that, if I printed any thing relating to the city, he would sue me in an action of two thousand pounds damages. I asked why, and for what? The silly fellow told me that his father had printed a book of the mayors and sheriffs of York already, and would have no other to be done. So had the impudence to mark out those periods of my propo-

sals that had given him offence, by clashing against his interest. This put me upon viewing that book; and, upon inquiry, I found that his production was mere theft from a lawyer's copy, only with an addition of a fulsome dedication or two, as much for instruction to the readers, as the almost bare catalogue of names it contained. Upon which, being provoked a second time by the said simple coxcomb, I returned word to the old fellow that, if I copied after such a wretched threadbare piece, he might arrest me if he pleased; so turned the blockhead out of my house. I still went on and received subscription money, though my timorous spouse, for some time, would have had me desisted, because the old man was powerfully rich; and, beside, had stood as a father when we were married. Thus was I tormented with her whimpering note of, perhaps, sincere love, on the one hand, and on the other, with reproaches and threatenings, which were all counterbalanced with the merry subscribers that displayed their goodness on my pious design. As a grateful recompence, I took, indeed, great pains in every church, having many of the sepulchral monuments washed and cleansed, to come as perfectly as I could to the characters; many of

which were almost delible, and diurnally conveyed them to my press. It so happened that Lord Percival and Mr. Scawen, viewing the antiquities of the Minster, were informed by Mr. Moon, the verger, what I was upon; and that it was a great pity if my generous proposals did not meet that encouragement that was due to so worthy an undertaking. And who should they inquire of me, but of old Mr. Hildyard, where I lived, that they might subscribe! Unquestionably a great mortification to him, who had thus insulted me, a citizen as good as himself; and who should he send with them but the empty-brained, puffing, puppy-like fellow his son, to shew them the way, and to examine what I had collected for that purpose. And though all seemed in embryo, by the many divided pieces and interlineations of what I had written, they were pleased to give my price for six books; and promised, if I enlarged more than I then intended, they would reward me in proportion to my industry. While I was upon the work, Hammond, the quacking bookseller, who reported he had some manuscripts relating to the purpose, in a manner pretended to oblige me to take him in a partner. He told Beckwith, his half brother, being a run-



ning stationer, that he would print a book of York too, if I did not let him join with me. I was not-willing at first, but thinking him a fit antagonist against old Hildyard, I returned word by old Tom, he should have his desire, provided he had no part of what I had received from subscribers. Upon this, agreeing, the impression, which I only designed to be five hundred, was augmented to one thousand, with a clause that, whoever was out of books first, should sell for the other, paying two shillings each in sheets, till the whole number were disposed of.\*

1730. When I had published the work, my joy was inexpressible, to be told what a kind reception it met with from persons of both sexes, and all ranks and conditions. I returned thanks to Heaven that I had written what was

\* I took Hammond in partly also to ease me in the great expense I had been at; but the wretch would never communicate to me any of his manuscripts, which might have done me some good, but reserved them for sale to Dr. D—ke, my contemporary historian: so that the whole weight lay upon me, which made me venture to ascend the most lofty dangerous places, to explore the curious paintings in glass; as well as into gloomy cemeteries, to restore the long dead to recent memory.—T. G.

thought worthy to be read; and not misjudged, by the most learned, to have treated that church with the least want of respect, which our ancestors had raised to the glory of Almighty God; and which, I believe, for a fine Gothic building, is not to be excelled by any illustrious piece of architecture in the whole universe. That I had done my best, was taken as candidly as the most beautiful work of the ablest artist; so that, as I was sensible of my own inability, I held myself to be under the highest obligation to the public. In a particular manner, I could not but reverence that noble lord, my generous subscriber, who wrote to me the following letter:

*Charlton; June 23, 1730.*

SIR,

Your three books of the History of York were delivered me yesterday in London, on my return from the Bath. I have not had time yet to peruse them, but I perceive there is a great deal of curious and uncommon matter laboriously collected, which cannot fail to entertain and instruct. I thank you, sir, for your care in sending them so punctually and safely, and am,

Sir,

Your very humble servant,

PERCIVAL.

But I had a very merry epistle on a serious subject, concerning an omission; the author thinking I was quite in the wrong to entitle my work a *sacred* history, since, as he said, only evangelical writings ought to be termed such. But yet he kindly seemed to excuse me, as thinking I did it purely in honour of Almighty God; and desired me, if ever I reprinted the book, not to omit a memorial of the Rev. Anthony Wright, who was interred beneath the great lantern, or largest tower; which I took notice of when I came to publish a second volume of antiquities, as hereafter will be mentioned.

I had several admirers, who were surprised to think a person so obscure as I was generally deemed, should have the courage to venture on so noble and pious a design; nor was I free from the sarcastic scoffs of others, whose envy was far superior to their judgments: for, at a perambulation, one Mr. Wiseacre reported, in ridicule, what a parcel of stuff I had collected, such as old illegible monuments and inscriptions in churches, before the days of their ancient grannams. "Aye," said the Rev. Mr. Knight, "has he done so? And do you, sir, call these affectionate memorials only wretched stuff? I assure you I think quite contrary; that, instead

of base reflections, he deserves commendable praises; and, please God, I will buy one of them for my serious perusal:" which the good gentleman accordingly did, and was pleased to tell me that, what I had collected deserved a larger volume, and worthy of a better price. Mr. Hildyard, from an enemy turned my friend also, bought and sold many, and continued in kindness to his dying day; being sorry, I had reason to believe, for the great trouble he at first had given to me and my family, by his unreasonable threatenings: so that I had an almost general approbation, which so grieved our silly uncle, and those people under him, as to presume to disgrace my works in their newspapers; but I returned them such smart usage as cured them.

It was in this year, on the 3d of April, that I took Henry Addison for my apprentice. He was nephew to the Rev. Mr. James Addison, vicar of Bishopsthorpe, near this city, who gave me with him fifteen pounds. The lad was brought up at Sedbergh school, proved very skilful in the business, honestly served his time, and handsomely provides for his wife and three lovely young daughters, brought up by an affectionate mother. About the time of his first coming to me, I printed



Suetonius in Latin and English, for the aforesaid Mr. John Clarke, of Hull, in a demy octavo, closely exhibited.

In 1731, having printed a translation of Oppian's *Cynegeticks*, for Dr. Mawer, the Supplement for the *Polyglott Bible* passed through my press. And then my dear and I, considering our woful purchase in Stonegate, in which we durst not enter lest, if the old gentlewoman should die, we should fall into the mercy of the great R—, who waited for that melancholy period to us; we bought the house where we now live, in Petergate, opposite Mr. Shaw's, which we let to the ingenious Mr. Henry Hindeley, clockmaker, for seven pounds a year.

1732. I printed a book for Mr. Thomas Baxter, schoolmaster, in Crathorn, Yorkshire, intituled, "The Circle Squared," but as it never proved of any effect, it was converted to waste paper, to the great mortification of the author. A different reception Mr. Clarke's *Justin* received this year, which was learnedly translated.

1733. My nephew, Arthur Clarke, aforesaid, was sent with materials to furnish a printing office in Scar-

borough; from which we had a fair prospect of the ocean. The gentry from the Spa used to visit us, to have their names, and see the playhouse bills and other work printed; and, at York, I published my History of Rippon, with the antiquities of the most noted towns in the county. An eminent and learned clergyman reading my Treatise of Christianity, with the sufferings of our blessed Saviour and his apostles, was pleased to tell Mr. Knowlton, that he had never perused a more instructive and pathetic abstract, that melted him even into tears. Too great an approbation I might, in modesty, justly suppose; however, it gave me infinite satisfaction to find those things approved, which some vile wretches had condemned.

In 1734, I printed "*Miscellanea Curiosa*," for Mr. Thomas Turner; a work which got credit both to the author and to me, for the beautiful performance thereof: it was published quarterly; but for want of sufficient encouragement, the work ceased in less than a year's time, when the mathematic types ceased also to be of any use to me. On the 7th of June this year, I took Francis Hildyard, grandson to the old bookseller aforesaid, to be my apprentice, but so dull and slow a fellow

I never had before or since. I oft repented I had such an unprofitable servant, and had little redress upon my complaint to Mr. Lambert, his uncle, who put him to me, or his poor father, of mean condition, who having lost a place, for wrong voting, in the government, was at length glad to be clerk to the company of the smiths; whose fate it was to fall down dead in the open street. His unfortunate son, to me, on King Charles's day of martyrdom, as he was fowling, missed his mark, and shot his fellow-apprentice, Stephen Clarke, into the thigh, to my great loss; but, providentially, no bone was broken, and the most dangerous parts untouched; so that, by the skill and care of that ingenious surgeon, Mr. Shipton, he became perfectly sound again, in about a quarter of a year's time. But Hildyard, though sensible of my damage, never exerted himself in his duty to me; but, instead thereof, worked in my absence some senseless reflections upon election matters, for his own profit, which my good nature passed by; and I assure my reader that, at the expiration of his time, I delivered his indenture with great satisfaction.

In 1735, a Scotchman, whom Mr. White had owned for a servant seven years, seceding from the newspaper

as to the name which was mentioned, young Mr. Alexander Staples, son to my old back friend, Mr. Robert Staples, at London, the celebrated disposer of Dr. Daffy's elixir, was instigated by White to do good in York, which he was not able himself to accomplish with satisfaction. The young man accordingly arrived, took a gallant house in Coney street, printed the news, and really was as great a puff as ever I had seen before. I really judged him to be a goodnatured youth, till I inserted some lines in my journal which gave him umbrage; as though his pretty advertising pictures and Daffy's elixir were reflected upon, though his name or paper were not mentioned therein.

I was charged with being the author; the shorthand writer of Turpin's Life, Kyle, fell into a passion, and proceeded to lying interpretations: Staples was, like Hudibras, going to the lawyer to find out in what manner he could deal with me: but after full consultation at a club, a resolution was taken to wound, and, if possible, jolt my brains out with English and Latin verses; and truly, such jargon was printed against me, that was enough to infect a man with Scotch scabbado, but not in the least to impair his understanding. I never



took notice of their unlearned filth, or such like cannibal vermin as Dugdale writes of in the *Monasticon*, in various centuries, utter enemies to our natives of England or Ireland, especially to the latter, and even false to themselves. But, by the by, in a future work, I compared the devourers of people's reputations to those cannibals whom the Conqueror, William the First, punished: "*Pictura vitrea quæ, est in claustro de Strenshale monstrat Scotos, qui prope fines Anglorum habitant, fuisse vel ad Gulielmi Nothi tempora anthropophagos & hanc immanitatem à Gulielmi gladio fuisse punitam.*" But as Mr. Staples, I knew, was born in England, and seduced by Mr. White, I had a respect for him as a youth, that was unacquainted with my nature. We after became friends, and did mutual kindnesses for each other; and as he became more entangled in the world, and found the cruel deceit thereof, he treated me the more obligingly in his requesting letters. To his great expense, he courted a young lady at Newcastle, in which being unsuccessful, his circumstances became more suspected by discerning people.

1736. This year I published my *History of Hull*: after which my publisher, Mr. Wilford, failed in London.

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I comforted, instead of afflicting the man, under his heavy misfortunes, which he after gratefully remembered in mentioning my work in his "Lives of Illustrious Personages," in folio, and generously ordered one of them to be given, as a present, as some small atonement (the utmost he was able,) for the loss that I had sustained by him.

In 1736, Mr. Francis Drake published his "Eboracum," or York History, in two volumes: a noble work, to give him his due, as my friend, Browne Willis, esq. styles it in his letter to me, which contains also most curious and entertaining accounts of the adjoining Aynsty. But, amongst other writers, he has thus exhibited these words of me and my humble performance: "The last thing," saith he, "which I shall mention, is to inform the public, that I have seen and read a small octavo printed tract, the title-page of which bears this inscription, 'The Antient and Modern History of the Famous City of York, and, in a particular manner, of its magnificent Cathedral, commonly called York Minster, &c.; the whole diligently collected by T. G.: York, printed, &c., 1730.' I have nothing to say to this work, but to assure my contemporary his-

torian, that I have stolen little or nothing from his laborious performance, wherein Mr. T. G., as author, printer, and publisher of the work himself, endeavouring to get a livelihood for his family, deserves commendation for his industry."

I could expatiate very justly and sharply on the whole of this ridiculous paragraph, unbecoming his character as a gentleman: but I shall touch on it a very little; for he proved a threatener, too, by telling me, that authors had already treated of the Minster, and that if I did any thing to border on their copies, I should incur the penalty of an Act of Parliament. What he uttered in terrorem I could but inwardly smile at, which, no doubt, he perceived well enough; and, being ascertained of my resolution, lent me Willis's Book of Cathedrals, which I accepted of, but would not copy after, having the church so near me, and perceiving the wretched mistakes of that publication. Besides, Mr. Drake was a subscriber to, but a reflector on me to Mr. Samuel Smith, when he perceived a discourse I had made, introductory to History, in my newspapers. As to the smallness of the tract, I am sure the book was multum in parvo, and it should have been larger, if the city had

but blessed me with one fourth of fifty pounds which he received, which, with other contributions from a willing party, and the generosity of others, could not but impel him forcibly to make a shining work, whether otherwise he would or no. And as to his stealing any thing of mine, that expression, so exceeding vulgar, might well have been spared in a polite doctor, since such are seldom charged with theft, except stealing people out of their graves; besides, he was very welcome to any thing that I had painfully collected. I never called any a fool in folio, as the inveterately provoked Sam Smith did, before an assembly in Scarborough: and if any of my friends had said that he was obliged to what I had performed, their offence was none of mine. And therefore, thinking his character like his commendation, and both very ludicrous, I esteemed myself under no obligation to thank him, in the least, for what he had written; but much rather those gentlemen and ladies who pleased to approve of my performance, and took it as a pocket companion in their pleasant journey on the roads, whilst riding in their coaches, or as an entertainer in their closets.\*

\* There is no vindicating the manner in which Drake speaks of this performance of Gent; which was not, like too many modern books of



This year, on the 4th of May, I took Stephen Clarke for my apprentice: he was the son of the Rev. Mr. Stephen Clarke, M.A., rector of Burythorpe, near Malton, who gave me with him twenty pounds. The youth honestly served his time, and went to London, where I wish him all the good fortune that he can expect or desire, according to his merits.

1737. Having but too much time to spare, rather than be indolent, I studied music on the harp, flute, and other instruments. And, on the 15th of August, I took apprentice Robert Moon, nephew to Mr. Moon, one of the vergers, who gave me twenty guineas with him: he served his time, and is now a master in Preston, Lancashire, where he wed a handsome young woman, who brought him an agreeable fortune.

topography, a mere bundle of pillage from the works of ingenious and pains-taking authors, but consisting, for the most part, of matter honestly collected, and not, before his time, made public by the press. The passage, therefore, deserves to stand; but it must not be concealed, as a trait of good feeling in Gent, that he has cancelled the passage, and, with a hand enfeebled with age and misfortune, has added this note: "1766. The Doctor has proved, since, a great friend to me,—I pray God bless him most sincerely, and shall do, I trust, to my life's end."

1738. This year I wrote and printed a pastoral dialogue on the much lamented death of the Right Honourable and illustrious Charles Howard, Earl of Carlisle, who died the 1st of May, at Bath; which poem was universally received with kindness and approbation, more, I may well think, in regard to the merits of the deceased, than to any of mine in the performance, though I dressed it up in as soft a manner as I could wish; with which a most learned doctor in divinity, Dr. John Mawer, rector of Middleton Tyas, near Richmond, and an excellent poet, was graciously pleased to send me his kind approbation, to my no small consolation.

About the 13th of January, 1738, Mr. Alexander Staples was quite broken up by Dr. Burton; and, not long after, the Messrs. Cæsar Ward and Richard Chandler became possessors of his printing materials: besides, they carried on abundance of business in the bookselling way, having had shops at London, York, and Scarborough. The latter collected divers volumes on Parliamentary affairs, and by the run they seemed to take, one would have imagined that he would have ascended to the apex of his desires; but, alas! his thoughts soared too high, and sunk his fortunes so low,

by the debts he had contracted, that rather than become a despicable object to the world, or bear the miseries of a prison, he put a period to his life, by discharging a pistol into his head, as he lay reclined on his bed. As I knew the man formerly, I was very sorry to hear of his tragical suicide, an action that for awhile seemed to obumbrate the glories of Cæsar, who found such a deficiency in his partner's accounts, so great a want of money, and such a woful sight of flowing creditors, that made him succumb under the obligation to a statute of bankruptcy; during which time he has been much reflected on by a Scot, who had been his servant, and obnoxious for awhile to many persons, who were not thoroughly acquainted with him. But he now brightly appears again, amidst the dissipating clouds of distress, in the publication of a paper, that transcends those of his contemporaries as much as the rising sun does the falling stars.

In January 1739, the frost having been extremely intense, the rivers became so frozen, that I printed names upon the ice. It was a dangerous spot on the south side of the bridge, where I first set up, as it were, a new kind of press, only a roller wrapt about with

blankets. Whilst reading the verses I had made to follow the names, wherein King George was most loyally inserted, some soldiers round about made great acclamations, with other good people; but the ice suddenly crackling, they almost as quickly run away, whilst I, who then did not hear well, neither guessed the meaning, fell to work, and wondered at them as much for retiring so precipitately as they at me for staying: but taking courage, they stoutly returned back, brought company, and I took some pence amongst them. After this, I moved my shop to and fro, to the great satisfaction of young gentlemen, ladies, and others, who were very liberal on the occasion.\*

1741. Having printed the news for several years, for want of encouragement, I was obliged to give it up about this time: I had studied and endeavoured, to my utmost ability, to make it bear, but the strength of the *Craftsman*, with my misfortunes, had now quite overcome me. I peaceably dropt into oblivion, without any

\* Here is introduced a long and uninteresting account of the manner in which he was deprived of the house in Stonegate, which was held under a prebendal lease.



ludicrous animadversions of my contemporary brethren. I lost, by death, one of the best of lodgers, in room of whom I got one of the worst; but, what grieved me not a little, was the death of that fine tall personage, my patron, the Rev. Mr. Hitch: he had, I believe, overheated himself at the strife about obtaining votes for members of Parliament, that threw him into a mortal fever, which, on the 26th of December, conveyed his precious soul, I hope, into the blessed regions of a glorious immortality.\* Now all my hopes were arrived at their final period; what my late patron might have gained, had he renewed, was entirely lost to his friends. But he was of a honourable disposition, and scorned that the church or his successors should suffer through any base compliance: he well knew how I was served, and what the alderman intended, as well as his right interest, not to be imposed upon. I am told, had he lived longer, such was the favor he found at court, that

\* From *York Courant*, Number 846, printed by Cæsar Ward, York, December 29, 1741: "Last week, died, the Rev. Mr. Hitch, rector of Boswell, and chaplain to H. R. Highness the Prince of Wales."—T. G.

he was in a fair way of getting a bishopric in Ireland, but God thought fit to take him to himself; on whom I made the following lines:

Lamented shade! thy kindness done to me,—

But, what was dearer, pity shewn to mine,—

Though now amongst the shining saints you be,

Thy fate we'll mourn, and venerate your shrine!

Till heaven, like you, who stops our streaming tears,

Shall, through death's summons, free our souls from cares.

Mr. Laurence Sterne, nephew to a doctor of divinity of that surname, having obtained his prebend, how he agreed with the alderman I cannot tell; but I found it was in vain for me to make application to him, since Mr. Hitch could not relieve me; however, it was some comfort to see how Henry Hitch, esq. wrote of me from London to the Rev. Mr. Wilkinson, in the following year:

“By your directions,” said he, “given me to you, I find you are with Mr. Gent, the printer: that honest man had hard treatment from Alderman Read. If my dead relation had had longer days, he would have relieved him; I wish you would recommend him to Mr. Sterne.”

But as I perceived I was for ever ejected, my friends thought it vain to make fresh application. God for-

give the alderman! with the same breath I pray, sincerely, that none of my concerns may have any entanglement with such a great r— like him, that so I may be freed from utter destruction.

But to the increase of my misfortunes, the then steward, as he called himself, Jeremiah Rudsdell, a presbyterian baker, began to assert a right to receive the rents of the house I lived in in Coffee yard, though, on the 15th of June, the year before, he disclaimed all right, for the future, to being concerned, before Mr. Thomas Oliver, and told me to pay it to Mrs. Atkinson, (widow of John Atkinson, vulgarly called Sir John Cheese,) for she only was empowered to receive it, not only as part of her own share, but to take the share of her daughter and Mr. Gouge, to whom she was to be accountable. After this, he troubled himself no further about repairs, which were left entirely to the said Mrs. Jane Atkinson, who lodged in my house about a year, or a year within two or three days, and owed me for board, and attendance given her by my servants as a gentlewoman; but she, and her sister, and brother-in-law, Gouge, falling out, Rudsdell gets, I suppose, a new power, and (when I least expected any such

matter,) seizes part of my goods in the shop and kitchen, and claps bailiffs into my house, through the direction of Yawood, an attorney. My house in Petergate being then empty, I was repairing it for another tenant, in the room of the ingenious Mr. Hendley, who had given me warning, and was removed into Stonegate, meanwhile, Mrs. Atkinson repleving the goods. But a little after, my spouse, fearing a fresh seizure, through what she had heard, consented I should repair our own, so as to be fit for a printing office, and leave our former abode for ever. Through its wretched owners, that unhappy estate was purchased in Stonegate, which the alderman before mentioned had gotten possession from us. 'Twas fresh oppression that, in 1729, had so provoked us, that we were very near taking a lease of Mr. Sheriff Lambert's house, in Petergate; and now this last insult which had flown about, that I was near broke, besides other dangers, were sufficient reason to give our landlady warning to seek a new tenant, if she pleased: Mr. Blanchard, of the Spiritual Court, was present when I spoke, and more fully repeated after I had ceased, and then I presented her a paper, in which was written—



*"May 1, 1742.*

"TO MRS. JANE ATKINSON:

"MADAM, this is to give you notice, and your daughter, likewise your brother and sister Gouge, and Mrs. Remmington, or any who are, or may be concerned, as landlord or landladies of the house in Coffee Yard and stable adjacent, that I shall leave entirely your or their house and stable, and be no more a tenant to any of your or their agents, in anywise, after Martinmas next: and as I have with you (although with some reluctancy,) been, as it were, obliged to sign a bond for replevin of my seized goods, I shall, God willing, clear them of all demands, where appears a right upon balance, when the law of the kingdom shall settle matters according to justice and equity. You have been set over me as a landlady, and yet is my lodger and boarder, notwithstanding, indebted to me, which, you know, must be allowed.

"I am, madam,

"Your humble servant,

"THOMAS GENT."

She said she accepted my warning, and I might go when I pleased: I told her I blamed not her so much as I did others, and gave her soft expressions to please her. But I heard, when we were departed, she fell into tears, and so alternately into other strange passions.

After this, I was at great expense and labour in moving my goods; and, I remember, my new building was

but just covered with the leads and surrounded by a walk, when it was told me, that the house I was leaving was advertised to be let, in the public newspaper, which I purchased of Thomas Wilson, baker, in Stonegate. It was in the "York Courant," number 868, printed for Cæsar Ward, bookseller, dated Tuesday, June 1, 1742, viz.

"TO BE LETT,

"The house where Mr. Thomas Gent, printer, now lives, in Coffee Yard, York, to be entered on at Martinmas next: inquire of Mr. Bernard Awmonds, grocer, in Castle Gate, York.

"N.B. It hath been a printing office above an hundred years."

During my troubles, I received two letters from Browne Willis, esq. which I beg leave to mention here, as a grateful memorial of him.

"*To Mr. Thomas Gent, in the City of York.*

"*Whaddon Hall, near Fenny, Stratford, Bucks.*

"November 22, 1740.

"SIR,

"I AM concerned to let a brother antiquary's letter lie near three weeks unanswered; but the truth is, I wanted some of my relations, members of Parliament, to frank my scroll; and also hoped to have had your new work sent me down hither, and have wrote two

letters to my bookseller to despatch it to me: but he is in so bad a state of health, and not like to live, that it is neglected, and so I sent to a gentleman to take it at Mr. Overton's. If I am pretty well, as indeed I am very much otherwise, I hope, at Christmas, or soon after, to be in town, and shall be glad to recommend your performance. I thought you proposed another edition of the History of York; if you do intend it, exhibit one, perhaps I may help you, as I would have done had you put any queries to me. Cannot you give any dedications in Yorkshire, &c. not printed already by me? Any corrections or improvements to what I have published will be very acceptable, and shall rejoice if any forward your laborious designs, as being, good sir, your most assured friend and devoted servant to command,

“BROWNE WILLIS.

“P. s. I hope Mr. Selby and Dr. Drake are well. If you find any thing, you may send in this manner:

“*In Ainstie Deanery.*

“Rufford Capella. Billborough Cur. Fenton V. Burley Chapel. Brayton V. Garforth R. Horseforth and Rawden, Chapels to Guiseley. Stainborne, Chapel to Kirby Overblows. Leathley R. &c.’

“If you can send me any tradesmen's halfpennies would be acceptable, especially seven or eight marked thus, with a stroke —. I want also those of Wetherby, Tadcaster, Sherburne Co. York, Tuxford, Blith, Worksop Co. Nottingham, cum multis aliis.”

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*“To Mr. Thomas Gent, Printer, in the City of York.*

*“Whaddon Hall, near Fenny Stratford, Buckinghamshire;*

*“January 18, 1743.*

“SIR,

“I RECEIVED yours, the 7th of last month, not till a week ago, and am very willing to purchase your new book, as I have all the others, though I am sorry you go out of your own county for matter, as there is so much in Mr. Torr’s manuscripts, that the world would be glad of. Suppose you described all the churches in the market towns, and gave all the epitaphs in them before 1600, viz. all the brassplate inscriptions, with the *Orate*, as in Mr. Torr’s ms. Your account of York City is, in my opinion, a very useful book, has multum in parvo; and as you talk of a new edition, I could give the names of members of Parliament omitted in Dr. Drake, whose book is a noble performance, and it is surprising where he could get together so much. I wish I could see Lincoln, or any other city, wrote half so particular: he seems to have omitted nothing of labours or pains in his searches, except about the city members, which I sent him from the returns at London. These I supply were by the kindness of Mr. Strangways, deputy town-clerk, when I was at York. I had not time to look after the 6th of Edward the Sixth, if they are entered in the Chamberlain’s book, who paid their wages. Pray describe the fabrics of York churches: as, for instance,—All Saints’ church has a body and two side aisles, leaded and embattled, with a tiled chancel; at the west end is a tower with an octagon dome on it, in which hang three bells. This is by



way of specimen, to shew what I would say, and I don't put it down as an exact account or description.

"I expect to be in town next week, and if you go on with your new edition of York, shall be glad to recommend it, who am

"Your assured friend and servant,

"BROWNE WILLIS.

"P.S. I hope Mr. Selby is well, and goes on with his collection of coins. When had you the account of Archbishop Montaigne? of his parentage, &c.?

"Page 359, in 'Drake's History of York,'

"Names of members of Parliament to be added, omitted in Drake:

"EDWARD IV.

"22. Parliament at Westminster: Richard York, Miles Metcalfe.

"RICHARD III.

"1. Par. West.: Richard York, Thomas Wrangwich.

"HENRY VII.

"1. Par. West.: John Feriby, Robert Hancock.

1. Par. West.: Richard York, Robert Hancock.

3. Par. West.: Nicholas Lancaster, John Gilyot.

4. Par. West.: Richard York, Sir William Todd.

6. Par. West.: William Chimney, Thomas Scotton.

7. Par. West.: Thomas Scotton.

11. Par. West.: William White, Thomas Gray.

12. Par. West.: George Kirk, John Metcalfe.

“HENRY VIII.

“1. Par. West.: William Neleson, Brian Palmes.

3. Par. West.: William Neleson, Thomas Drawsword.

6. Par. West.: William Neleson, William Wright.

14. } In Drake both these returned.  
23. }

36. Par. West.: John North, Robert Hall.”

The aforesaid letter, with those above-collected names of Parliament men, was the last I received from Browne Willis, esq., who, I hear, is departed this mortal life, happy for him, I trust, though much lamented by others who, with pleasure, have perused his indefatigable labours.

About August 1744, I built a tower upon my house, which very much strengthened the whole building and platform, by joining the chimney with a communication to the southern wall, so that there appeared a regular conjunction and uniformity; besides, the floor of the tower, was a shelter to the door of the leads, which, before, let in the rain, and rotted my new stairs. By this addition, my house seems the highest in the city, and

affords an agreeable prospect round the country: we have an wholesome air whenever we please to ascend, especially the mornings and evenings, with great conveniency for my business, when over-crowded in the narrow rooms below; and several gentlemen have, occasionally, taken a serious pipe, to talk of affairs in printing; as well as neighbours, to satisfy their curiosity, in viewing the flowers that grow almost round about upon the walls. One of my apprentices, Joseph Nickson, cut the following sketch hereof, which I here place as a memorial, to be remembered when I am in the grave, should the building, by some future possessor, happen to be demolished.

[This cut, which like too many of Gent's book-embellishments will not bear to be copied, is at the head of an advertisement, of which a copy is pasted on the last leaf of the manuscript. It is characteristic of him.]

THOMAS GENT,

ÆTAT. 50,

Laus Deo :

A person descended from the Gents in Staffordshire, freeman of London, York, and two other remarkable cities, lawful printer and stationer; a lover of these English northern parts, in which, as a right master, he has brought up several reputable servants; and, under God's divine providence, hitherto protected his family, to the comfort also of some needy, but honest deserving people. Within his new well-contrived office, abovesaid, printing work is performed in a curious and judicious manner, having sets of fine characters for the Greek, Latin, English, Mathematics, &c. He sells the Histories of Rome, France, England, particularly of this ancient City, Aynsty, and extensive County, in five volumes; likewise a book of the holy life of St. Winifred, and her wonderful Cambrian fountain. He has stimulated an ingenious founder to cast such musical types, for the common press, as never yet were exhibited; and has prepared a new edition for his York History against the time when the few remaining of that first and large impression are disposed of, wherein will appear several remarkable occurrences and amendments, if it pleases the Divine Majesty to grant him life at the publication thereof.

Psallite Domino, in citharâ, in citharâ et voce Psalmi: in tubis ductilibus, et voce tubæ corneæ.

Ipsi vero in vanum quæsierunt animam meam, introibunt in inferiora terræ: tradentur in manus gladii: partes vulpium erunt.



[Gent's affairs, we may perceive, were beginning to decline at the time when this narrative is closed. It does not appear that he ever continued the story: it would, it is to be feared, have been but a narrative of a course of life which was bound in shallows and in miseries. He continued, indeed, to reside at his house in Petergate; but new and more enterprising printers arose in that northern metropolis; till, at length, Gent's press became in little request. His topographical resources were exhausted in his three works on York, Rippon, and Hull; and it is little of valuable information of any kind that is to be derived from his "History of the East Window in York Minster," which he published in 1762, when, as Mr. Gough says, he was sinking under age and necessity.\*

Still he had friends who respected him, and were willing to assist him. A portrait was painted of him by one of the Drakes, a family who were particularly attentive to him in his old age. This portrait appears to have been exhibited for his benefit; and there was a

\* British Topography, vol. ii. p. 428.

mezzotinto engraving from it by Valentine Green, of which a copy is prefixed to this volume. It is said by some who knew him, to be an admirable resemblance of him, with his fine loose flowing silvery hair, and wanting only the fresh and ruddy appearance of his countenance. A play was twice performed for his benefit. These things contributed

“To smooth the harsh severities of age;”

one of his own lines, and not the worst, in perhaps the latest of his compositions.

Were any one to attempt to make a catalogue of the works of Gent, he would find it a harder task than ever bibliographer performed. All his principal writings have been mentioned: but beside them, he who could be at once author, printer, and publisher, and who was driven by necessity to make every exertion, must, we are sure, have produced numerous smaller tracts, some with his name, and some without; neither, indeed, is it a very tempting inquiry.

But the writer of this little supplementary notice possesses one of the later tracts of Gent, which deserves to be taken notice of, as being the longest of his at-



tempts in verse, and on account of the singularity of its mode of publication : it is a translation into English verse, with some additions, of the “*Reliquiæ Eboracenses*,” an elegant poem, on the Roman affairs in Brigantia, by Dr. Heneage Dering, sometime Dean of Rippon. It is printed on the coarsest paper, and in the rudest manner; it has no title-page, but the following note is prefixed, in the handwriting of Gent himself:

Designed to be advertised and published, soon as proper paper can be afforded, either through beneficent subscription, or generosity to the laborious well-known author, whose *Icôn* was lately exhibited, to general satisfaction.

This must have been about the year 1772. He died at his house in York, on the 19th of May, 1778, in the eighty-seventh year of his age; and was interred in the church of St. Michael le Belfrey.

FINIS.





